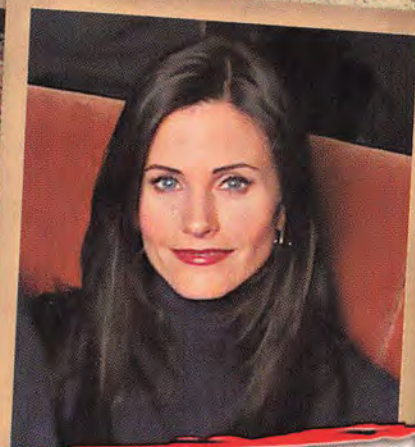


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#585 • March 2, 2001

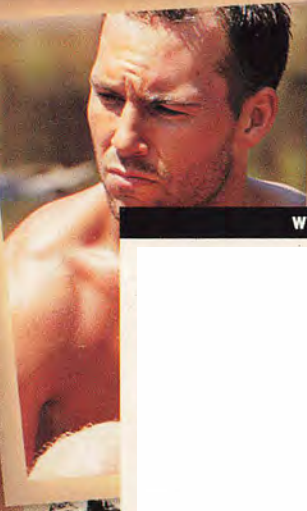
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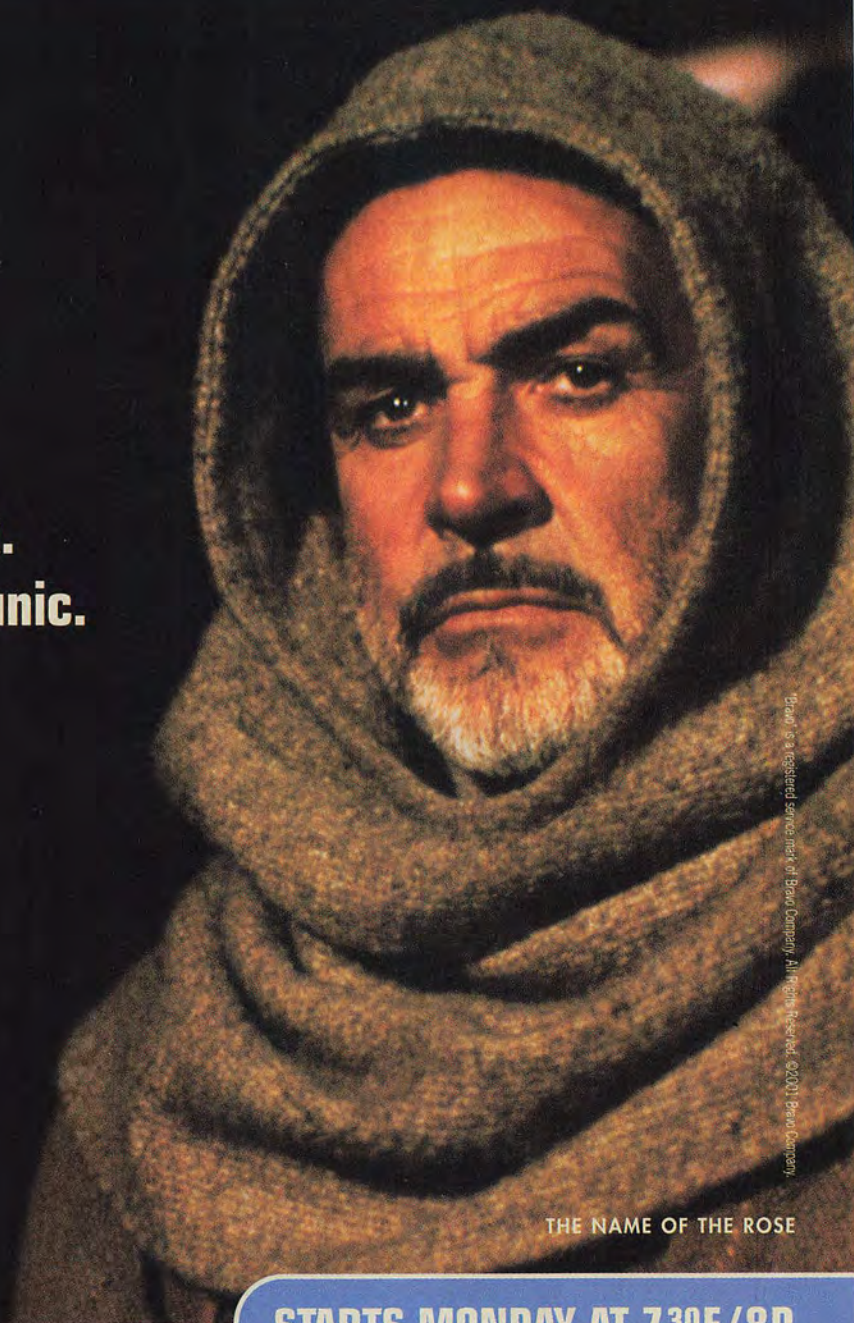
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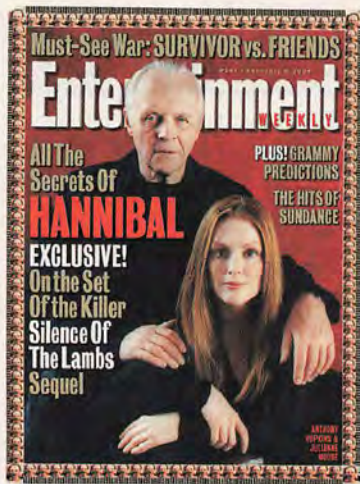
8 Jacko's Backo Still preparing his long-delayed Sony album, Michael Jackson is putting himself back in the media spotlight. But is America ready to accept him?...Stylists suggest makeovers for Jackson...Denise Rich sings...The latest action figures at the Toy Fair...An EW quiz: Spot the phony prestrike production...**Hot Sheet...Flashes...Monitor.**

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MAIL

Readers devoured our *Hannibal* cover (#581, Feb. 9), but it was the Grammy predictions that had them crying in their Chianti. "It was great to see the new Native American music category represented, but the remarks you printed served to ridicule and degrade," writes James Marienthal of Boulder, Colo. And Anna Hight of St. Louis defends the Grammy-nominated boy toys of 'N Sync, declaring "[There are] people who don't have their heads shoved up Radiohead's a--, who just want to dance." Meanwhile, Olivia Newton-John's fans questioned our slam of the singer. "She has had more musical hits than Bette Midler and should be the one starring in her own series!" scolds James Roy of Minneapolis. Talk about hopelessly devoted...

Fine Old Hannibal

THANKS FOR THE WONDERFUL and informative article on Sir Anthony Hopkins ("The Gory Details"). I've been an avid fan since seeing *The Elephant Man* and have collected almost every film he's done. He's a most unique and classical actor of the old era.

ROSE MARIE BOGDAN

Jefferson City, Mo.

WHY DID YOU HAVE TO MAKE Anthony Hopkins look so wasted on your cover? I'm a devoted Lecter and Hopkins fan, and I know the doc is a ruthless, diabolical killer. But your cover did not do justice to him or Anthony! If I were seeing Lecter or Hopkins for the first time in your issue, I would think, "this guy looks weak. He won't be able to pull off that character." Lecter would probably scoff and call it a "rather dull picture!"

CINDY ESPINOSA

Kenosha, Wis.

I WAS COMPLETELY DISGUSTED to read the article on *Hannibal*—not because of the so-called "gore" that the movie is supposed to contain; I've been waiting to see the sequel as long as anyone else. I was disgusted

to learn that because Gary Oldman didn't get "top billing," he demanded that his name be left out of the credits and off the poster. Give me a break. Perhaps Oldman should reevaluate his principles and realize that no one thinks of him as a big star—we just like to think of him as a good actor. It disgusts me to think that movie stars think they are so superior.

DAVID C. LOWERY

Heidelberg, Miss.

Grammy Whammy

FORGET EMINEM! IF I WANT to hear something really obnoxious and offensive I will now turn to the folks who give you their picks on the Grammys ("Make a New Plan, Stan"). First, they insult the state of "alternative" music, then they rag on Native American folk music. I can't wait until next year when they make fun of Grammy-nominated sick orphans with disabilities.

JUAN CARLOS CARRERA

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Portland, Ore.

I LIKE TO THINK I'M A PRETTY open-minded music listener, but I have to wonder, did the person who wrote that

"there's not a pure country album in there" even listen to Lee Ann Womack's album? I loved Faith Hill's *Breathe* (who didn't?), but to listen to *I Hope You Dance* raises a huge question about the author's idea of "pure country." Did Womack have to sing about a pickup truck to be considered "pure country"? What are the qualifications here? As far as I'm concerned, Womack had the superior (if not popular) country album of the year.

MICHAEL MITCHELL

San Diego

Let's Get Physical

DID OLIVIA NEWTON-JOHN spit in your soup or something? You trashed her fabulous performance at the Olympics and now you are taking a shot at her for being on *Bette* (TV). Olivia is great and if you can't appreciate that, maybe you should just shut up.

TIM MANESS

ONJfan4eva@aol.com
Memphis

Dino Sore

GENERALLY I FIND EW'S PERSPECTIVE pretty right on, but the cheap shot at Mark Knopfler (Music) was in poor

taste. All Knopfler did was record a record bought by millions of fans, some of whom are paleontologists. How many copies of this issue of EW will make it to 2017?

GREG DWYER

Bettendorf, Iowa

All-Time Lo

I GOT TOM SINCLAIR'S POINT that Jennifer Lopez showed no true meaning in her songs (Music), and that the CD represents more of a marketing wonder child than a true artistic work. I don't agree. First, Lopez is neither a philosopher nor a great mind of our time. She's a pop musician. She writes and sings to make people happy. Second, Sinclair mentions that he listened to *J.Lo* in an office. I highly doubt that anyone could get anything out of it while sitting in an office.

DAN CONNORS

Pittsburgh

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NEWS+NOTES

March 2, 2001

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The Jacko Comebacko

The *Thriller*'s gone, but Sony engineers the King's return.
by Evan Serpick

DRESSED IN AN understated black suit, **Michael Jackson** stepped out of his Neverland seclusion and onto the stage of a half-filled Carnegie Hall on Valentine's Day to introduce a celebrity panel featuring **Johnnie Cochran** and **Mother Love**. The unlikely topic? "Love, Work, and Parenting."

"With two children of my own, I know the difficulty of balancing children and career—and let's not even talk about the difficulty of finding a date," said the reclusive star, whose son, Prince, 4, and daughter, Paris, 2, did not attend the event. His admission of availability prompted shrieks from approximately 100 poster-toting, bouquet-tossing fans, who stormed the dais after the 10-minute speech.

The bizarre event, part of Jackson's Heal the Kids initiative with Orthodox rabbi and *Kosher Sex* author **Shmuley Boteach**, marked the latest

step in the erstwhile King of Pop's bid to reclaim his throne. With a VH1 special in heavy rotation, a March 6 speech on child welfare (also with Rabbi Boteach) planned at England's Oxford Union, a March 19 induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame, and a just-announced Jackson 5 studio reunion, Jacko is gearing up for an all-media assault that will culminate, supposedly, in his long-delayed, still-untitled comeback album.

Lotta promo for one disc? It might be needed. The stakes are high for both Jackson and his label, Sony, which is still smarting from recent disappointments like **Ricky Martin's** *Sound Loaded* and a lack of new product from mainstays like **Celine Dion** and **Lauryn Hill**. That might explain why, since early 1999, Sony has sunk millions of dollars into at least 30 Jackson tracks. It's hired hot-shot producers like **R. Kelly**, **Teddy Riley**, and **Rodney Jerkins**, reportedly paying them up to \$1 million per song—a figure Sony's publicist flatly denies.

Even so, there's no launch date in sight. "At this point, the only thing we can say for sure

is that the album will be released in 2001," says Michele Schweitzer, spokeswoman for Sony division Epic. The delays have frustrated many Jackson associates, who wanna be startin' somethin' soon. Jerkins, who produced at least eight new tracks, blames the moonwalking perfectionist himself. "For two years, I've been waiting for this album to come out and for Michael to do his thing," says Jerkins, the musical Midas behind *Destiny's Child*. "Sony's very angry and they have every right to be. They feel like they had him cut an album, and they want him to put it out now."

The label wouldn't comment on Jerkins' position, but it seems confident about the album's prospects. Sony chief **Tommy Mottola** won raves from several of his execs after playing pieces of three new Jackson tracks in late January. Needless to say, Sony wants to avoid any more *Blood on the Dance Floor*, the 1997 dud that followed 1995's underwhelming *HISTORY* lesson. (The latter sold just 1.4 million copies in the U.S., while *Blood* cleared an anemic 230,000.) The game plan is to infuse Jackson's sound with more commercial hip-hop ele-

ments. Though **Dr. Dre** declined to produce and Jackson doesn't rap, some recorded tracks feature guest rapper "Fats," an unsung Jerkins discovery.

Even if Jackson's sound is in synch with modern tastes, will Sony be able to sell the 42-year-old singer to the *TRL* crowd, many of whom were born after his 1982 landmark, *Thriller*? "If **Justin Timberlake** put out a solo CD, that would sell more than Michael Jackson right now," says **Paul "Cubby" Bryant**, music director for trendsetting New York City radio station Z100. "If he doesn't nail it this time, he's screwed."

Just how tough a time he'll have can be gauged from the response of *TRL* crowd members like Nicole Cernek, 13. Asked about Jackson outside a recent taping at MTV's Times Square studio, she responded, "It's amazing for him to come out with something after such a long while, since he's been in jail and everything."

Ahem. Just to clarify Jackson's legal history: In 1993, he was investigated by Santa Barbara, Calif., police on charges that he had molested a then-13-year-old boy. No charges were filed, but Jackson

settled a civil claim out of court for an undisclosed, reportedly substantial sum. (Santa Barbara officials confirm recent tabloid reports that the case is still open, though the investigation has been suspended.)

Any comeback efforts will be dogged by this lingering cloud. "For Sony, there's no way to address the charges and come out a winner," says Dane Venable, senior marketing director at Sony rival Elektra. "The challenge is how to turn curiosity about the man into curiosity about the music."

But it was curiosity about the man that brought the crowds to Carnegie Hall. Even though Jackson had shed his white glove and sequined socks—and chimp companion Bubbles was a no-show—devotees were still thrilled. "It was surreal and awe-inspiring," says Joseph Yemish, 27, of Edison, N.J., U.S. correspondent for U.K.-based fanzine *King!*

For less committed followers, the question remains: Can all Sony's horses and all Sony's men make Wacko Jacko the King of Pop again? Or just the Duke of Has-Been? ■ (Additional reporting by Bob Cannon, Audrey Fan, and Y. Peter Kang)



FRESH PRINCE Jackson at Carnegie

UNGLOVED

AS MICHAEL JACKSON PREPARES to launch version 4.0 of himself, many of his fashion staples—military epaulets, single sequined gloves—have beat it from his wardrobe. By mandate. According to stylists hired for recent Jackson photo shoots, Sony insists that fashion consultants sign a contract agreeing not to outfit the star in his old style relics. (Sony's Michele Schweitzer downplayed the label's role: "Many artists have a standard contract when you do a photo shoot.")

So what should the 21st-century Jacko look like? No more socks and gloves, insists Rodney Jerkins, who's worked on Jackson's new album. "He needs to change, come out totally fresh." Tameka Foster, a stylist for Lauryn Hill and Toni Braxton, suggests a more subtle vibe. "He's always been larger than life. He needs to be a bit more regular." Her suggestion? Cornrows and clothing that's "halfway between hip-hop and haute couture." Jamie Kimmelman, an image consultant for Shania Twain and others, would dump the androgynous theatrics. Stealing a page from the recent men's fashion shows, Kimmelman urges "a return to gentlemanly elegance...impeccably tailored suits, but with a bright orange shirt and tie, and a lining [that] is bright orange satin, so it's not a boring pinstriped banker's suit." —ES and BC



OH, THAT'S RICH

IT'S THE QUESTION on every pundit's lips: Will embattled Clinton crony **Denise Rich** sing? Fans of

the ex-wife of controversially pardoned financier **Marc Rich** know the truth: She already has. She's a prolific, thrice-Grammy-nominated songwriter (including last year's nod for the **Aretha Franklin-Mary J. Blige** duet, "Don't Waste Your Time"), but her own vocal stylings are another matter. She warbles "Sweet Pain of Love" (a track from a 1987 solo album of the same name, released only in Europe) over the closing credits of 1987's *Plutonium Baby*, a no-budget horror romp

recently reissued on video by Troma. Attention, prosecutors: EW humbly submits this review as exhibit C-.

"Sweet Pain" kicks off with a smooth-jazz hook reminiscent of *Exposé* or an Atari game soundtrack. Then, silkily, like the sound of soft money slipping into a presidential library fund, Rich's subtext-laden lyrics emerge: "This is the story/About a boy and girl/They lived together/In a fantasy world." See how the simple lyrics overturn a cliché? Neither do we. Moving on: "Time can change/Two loving hearts/Turn passion into hate/Tear us apart." Given recent events, many might call this line prophetic, others lame. But the whole affair is pardoned by a synth sax solo so sensual, you'll swear Bill himself laid down a track as a quid pro quo. —Scott Brown

HOT Sheet

What the country is talking about this week...

1 Tom and Nicole They've figured out a simple way to split their nine-figure fortune: half to each of the lawyers.

2 Survivor 3 Maybe next time they'll send them to England. No one would be able to choke down the strange food.

3 Russell Crowe He stopped seeing Meg Ryan because he wanted to spend more time on his Australian ranch. He can't have a girlfriend and cows, too?

4 Miss USA 2001 pageant Live from the Glamour Capital of the World—Gary, Indiana.

5 Puffy-J. Lo split He treated her like a queen. She spent all her time in court.

6 Drew Barrymore Her Los Angeles home went up in flames. A tragedy? Just a Tom Green comedy bit.

7 Popstars Teens are tuning in to see if five real women chosen to be in a singing group can

make it. Based on the Chinese show *Rocket Scientists*.

8 SATs The University of California may no longer consider them on applications. Points, however, will be given for hairstyles and body art.

9 The swimsuit issue What suit? All some of these girls are wearing is sunblock.

10 Her Majesty's mice Exterminators have been called to Buckingham Palace to deal with a royal rodent problem. But they keep catching Prince Philip.

11 Mardi Gras A gorging festival to prepare people for the deprivations of Lent. Mainly celebrated by people who don't deprive themselves for Lent.

12 Survivor 2 Animal rights groups are protesting the boar butchering. Where were they during the grub massacre?

13 Regis Philbin He gave \$2.75 million to his alma mater, Notre Dame University, to build a theater. Where students will be able to watch *Rudy*, on demand, 24/7.

14 The Judy Garland biopic The drink- and drug-addled singer was a pioneer. She was into self-destructive behavior decades before it was fashionable.

15 Nora Roberts' Sanctuary Melissa Gilbert receives disturbing e-mails, so she moves to an isolated island. Yes, alone, far from help—that's the ticket.



TOYS 'EAR' US

EXPLORING THE DIFFERENCE between men and boys, New York City's recent American International Toy Fair had

(surprise!) no shortage of action-figure prototypes from upcoming films. **Mark Wahlberg** is plasticized for *Planet of the Apes*, as is **Elijah Wood** for *The Lord of the Rings*. But what about those who want a dancing **Michael Madsen** (right) that can slice off ears? Cue up "Stuck in the Middle With You." For adult fans of **Quentin Tarantino's** *Reservoir Dogs*, Artisan Entertainment has unveiled dolls to mark

the R-rated classic's 10th anniversary in 2002. Seven-inch action figures of the colorful criminal cohorts played

by Madsen, **Steve Buscemi**, **Tim Roth**, and **Harvey Keitel** (\$10–12 each) will hit novelty stores in April. And this summer, 12-inch-tall versions of Madsen and his abused-cop victim will follow—handsomely accessorized with straight razor, gas can, and radio. "We're going back and forth on whether to make the ear detachable," says Amorette Jones, Artisan's marketing head. "It's a very quirky project." —Gillian Flynn

SPOT THE FAKE

WITH SO MANY GREEN LIGHTS a-bla-zin' due to the looming actors' and writers' strikes, Hollywood is filling up with some dubious fare. Below are three legitimate prestrike productions and one phony; can you picket—er, pick—the fake?—Brian M. Raftery

'DUMB LUCK'



Loved *Lucky Numbers*? Here's another lotto-rigging drama, starring **Todd Bridges** (*Diff'rent Strokes*, left), **Scott Baio** (*Happy Days*, right), and **Richard Moll** (*Night Court*).



'SWITCHEROO'



A cranky millionaire (**Tom Arnold**, left) swaps bodies with a fast-talking teen (*Final Destination's* **Devon Sawa**, right) and reenters high school.



'OZZIE'



A family comedy starring *Dynasty* diva **Joan Collins** (left), **Spencer Breslin** (*Disney's The Kid*), and a mouthy marsupial (right).



'JUDGMENT'



Fave '80s TV stars **Corbin Bernsen** (*L.A. Law*, left) and **Mr. T** (*The A-Team*, right) face off—finally!—when God's existence is put on trial in this courtroom drama.



ANSWER: SWITCHEROO

Daily news and more Mullen at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

MADSEN FIGURE: COURTESY OF MIZCO TOYS; BRIDGES, COLLINS: STEVE GRANITZ/RETNA; BAIO: DEBORAH FERGUSON; ARNOLD: CHRIS DELMAS/ZUMA PRESS/PRESSLINE; SAWA: ORGEO DIGITALE/LONDON FEATURES; KOALA: BEN MARGOLYAP/WIDE WORLD; BERNSEN: LISA O'CONNOR/GLOBE PHOTOS; MR. T: WALTER MOBIIDE/RETNA

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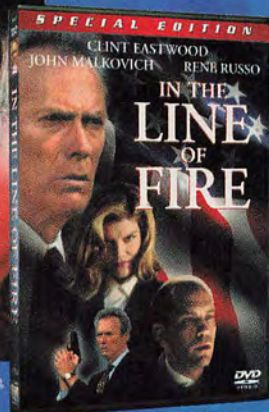
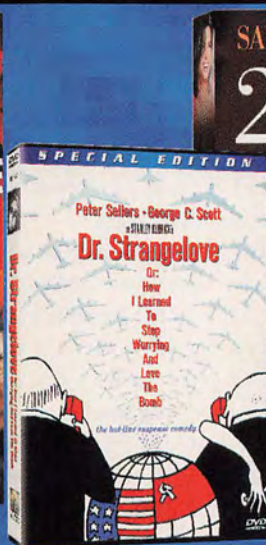
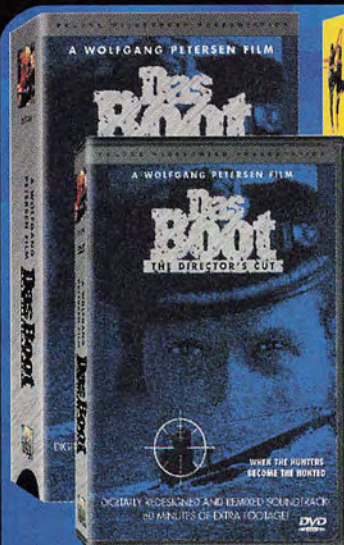
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Flashes



HOPKINS



MOORE

PREMIERE PRIX FIXE

Hannibal's cannibal has been known to have old friends for dinner, but star **Anthony Hopkins** admits there are some foods he can't stomach. Among them: "Fava beans." Other cast members,

tapped at the sequel's Manhattan premiere, noted their culinary quirks. "The ghastliest thing I've ever eaten," says **Frankie Faison**, "would be...innards, chitlins, which sort of resemble *Hannibal*'s menu." Foster follower **Julianne Moore** says "yogurt that's gone bad" is most gross, while the thought of escargots makes **Ray Liotta** queasy. "On *Survivor*, I'd fail that one," he says. "Those bugs, forget about it!" But ghoulish gourmand **Gary Oldman** rules nothing out—not even human flesh. "I don't know," he muses. "I hear it's rather sweet." —*Peter Debruge*

'PIE' SQUARED Despite warnings from Universal Studios to keep their pie-holes shut about the August sequel to the \$103 million-grossing *American Pie*, the cast is dishing on the plot, which is set a year into the gang's college experience. "They have me working in a band camp," says **Alyson Hannigan** (*Buffy the Vampire Slayer*), whose rootin'-tootin' one-liner floored *Pie*'s audiences. "With all those instruments, I'll be quite content." **Chris Klein**, **Mena Suvari**, and **Shannon Elizabeth** are back—as is **Jennifer Coolidge** as the horny mom who, she says, "tries to sleep with all the kids." And **Jason Biggs**—who had to gain weight for the sequel, after slimming down for hunkier parts in *Boys and Girls* and *Saving Silverman*—says the dessert diddling will continue, with a textural twist: "Lemon meringue, better consistency." But *Pie 2* producer **Paul Weitz**,



BIGGS, HANNIGAN IN 'PIE'

who directed the 1999 original, declares the sequel a no-pie zone. "This time pies are replaced with hardware," he coyly notes. "I can't tell you more than that or they'll kill me." —*William Keck and Mari Cartel*

CELEB-ULARY

- **J. LOAD** (v.) To exploit one's assets and butt everyone else out of the limelight (as with a top-selling album and movie, as well as spots on MTV's Super Bowl special, *SNL*, and possibly Court TV); to be omnipresent.
- **XFL** (n.) Extreme failure; a flop.
- **MANDY CANDY** (n.) Any breathing male within licking range of *Temptation Island* vixen **Mandy Lauderdaile**.
- **BEN'S AFFLECTION** (n.) A chronic inability to hang on to a primo babe (*Gwyneth*, *Shoshanna*, *Famke*, et al).
- **EMINELTON** (n.) A bizarre hybrid of celebrity musicians who are painfully conflicted about sexual-identity issues.
- **WONDER PLOYS** (n.) The unsuccessful efforts of a film to garner top Oscar nominations, despite its strong reviews and multiple theatrical releases. —*Adam Bluestein and I.W. Nicholson*



MANDY



BEN

random quote

"Basically, I'm black and I've got bigger feet."

—**CHRIS ROCK**, whose new movie *Down to Earth* is a *Heaven Can Wait* remake, on how he differs from original star Warren Beatty



GIMMESHELTER



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Mi casa, su casa? Pouty pop tart **Fiona Apple** and her director boyfriend **Paul Thomas Anderson** (*Magnolia*) plan to sell their 1930s home in trendy Los Feliz and boogie over to the San Fernando Valley, where they recently bought a \$3 million, five-acre spread. They'll leave a pampered property—restored by former owner **Jason Priestley**, who sold it to the couple in 1998. (Heidi Lake of Sotheby's International has the listing.) Amenities include a theater modeled after L.A.'s historic Wiltern, a gym with a steam room, a gourmet kitchen, a wine cellar, a pool, and an outdoor kitchen and fireplace. —*Tricia Johnson*

DUDE, WHERE'S MY OSCAR?

SNUBBED STARS PROTEST THEIR NON-NOMINATIONS

BY B. BLITT



PAY IT FORWARD'S
Haley Joel Osment plans to get 3 friends to not watch the awards telecast



The stars of **CHARLIE'S ANGELS** threaten to appear in unrevealing clothing on Oscar night



BATTLEFIELD EARTH'S
John Travolta decrees his will to sap our planet's natural resources and engulf the population in a fire storm



HOLLOW MAN'S
Kevin Bacon promises to be a no-show



102 DALMATIANS' Glenn Close trashes the "bitches" who got the nod

Monitor



GREEN AND BARRYMORE



STILLMAN



DMX



WEDDINGS

How sweet it is.



Mellow melody maker
James Taylor, 52, wed Boston Symphony exec **Caroline "Kim" Smedvig**, 46, Feb. 18, in Boston. This is his third marriage (the first was to **Carly Simon**) and Smedvig's second.... Boldly going where he's gone three times before, the enterprising **William Shatner**, 69, wed second-time bride and longtime horse breeder **Elizabeth Martin**, 42, Feb. 13, in Lebanon, Ind. Shatner's previous wife, model **Nerine Kidd**, was found drowned in their pool in L.A. in August 1999; an autopsy determined there was alcohol and Valium in her bloodstream.



DAMAGED

A Feb. 18 blaze caused a reported \$700,000 in damage to the L.A. home of **Firestarter** star **Drew Barrymore**, 26, and her fiancé, mischievous moptop **Tom Green**, 29. Barrymore's spokesman says the zany couple were alerted to the early-morning flames by their barking dog, **Flossie**, and all inhabitants escaped without injury.



COURTS

Embittered **Survivor** castoff **Stacey Stillman**, 27, could really use that immunity idol now. Two weeks after Stillman sued CBS and **Survivor** producer **Mark Burnett**, alleging manipulation of the voting, Burnett's SEG Inc. filed a \$5 million countersuit Feb. 20, calling her charges "extortion." In a statement, Stillman called the suit "a blatant attempt to scare me away."... On Feb. 14, rabble-rousing rapper **Eminem**, 28, pleaded guilty in Mount Clemens, Mich., to a felony charge of carrying a concealed weapon, in a deal absolving him of a more serious assault charge stemming from a June 2000 club brouhaha. Although he faces up to five years in prison at his April 10 sentencing, the prosecutor says he'll probably ask for six months; an **Eminem** spokesman says the performer will seek probation.... On Feb. 12, an attorney for **DMX**, 29, announced that the red-hot rapper would turn himself over to suburban Buffalo police—he did not say when—to serve a 15-day jail term for driving without

a license. In a statement, the lawyer cited "prior professional commitments" for **DMX's** failure to surrender by Feb. 9, as ordered by the court.



DEATHS

Filmmaker **Stanley Kramer**, 87, who produced and directed 1961's **Judgment at Nuremberg**, of pneumonia, Feb. 19, in Woodland Hills, Calif. Although he hated the term, Kramer is famed for making crowd-pleasing "message movies" like **High Noon**, **Inherit the Wind**, and **Guess Who's Coming to Dinner**.... Longtime Paramount producer **Howard W. Koch** (**The Manchurian Candidate**, **The Odd Couple**), 84, reportedly of Alzheimer's, Feb. 16, in Beverly Hills.... Screenwriter **Burt Kennedy**, 78, who scripted such lighthearted Westerns as 1965's **The Rounders** (with **Henry Fonda**), of cancer, Feb. 15, in Sherman Oaks, Calif.... Saxophonist **George "Buddy" Tate**, 88, a longtime member of **Count Basie's** band and pioneer of the vigorous "Texas tenor" style, of bone cancer, Feb. 10, in Chandler, Ariz. —**Nicholas Fonseca**



FASHION WEEK SPECIAL

THE SCOUT

EW'S FIELD GUIDE TO THE NEXT NEW THINGS

What's Nicks?

Stylewise, Stevie Nicks has always gone her own way. Now, fashion is following. The ex-Fleetwood Mac singer inspired a series of Fashion Week moments, with dolman sleeves, ruffled skirts, and outsize coats—staples of Nicks' witchy wardrobe—popping up at Oscar de la Renta, Jill Stuart, and Bob Mackie. Also getting their Nicks fix were Douglas Hannant and Vivienne Tam, who both showed dolman-sleeve tops. Even Betsey Johnson, whose collections often feature



outrageous duds better suited for Cyndi Lauper's ilk, opened her show with Nicks' 1983 smash "Stand Back." "The show was very personal," says Ali Taekman, a spokeswoman for Johnson. "Betsey wanted the music to reflect that, and as soon as she heard that song [she] felt it embodied what the whole collection was about." With Nicks' new solo album (May's *Trouble in Shangri-La*, her first in seven years) and a summer tour on the way, the resurgence of Stevie style couldn't be more opportune. "You're now seeing the bridge from the '70s to the '80s," says NBC style expert Lloyd Boston. "It's feminine yet glam." —Nicholas Fonseca

New Models

Who says you have to be a model of the Ford variety to conquer the catwalk? Fashion Week saw actresses, musicians, and celeb offspring taking over the runways. Anand Jon featured *Girlfight*'s Michelle Rodriguez; Tia and Tamera Mowrey of *Sister, Sister*; *Coyote Ugly*'s Izabella Miko; and the rockers of Collective Soul—as well as ubiquitous party-girl hotel heiresses Nicky and Paris Hilton, who also walked for Lloyd Klein and Anne Bowen. Makeup artist Vincent Longo used girl group S*Cool Girlz for Sephora's showcase. And chip off the old Mick Elizabeth Jagger proved she's also mama Jerry Hall's model daughter at Betsey Johnson, Cynthia Rowley, and the Moët & Chandon

Designer Debut. "Fashion is the new sports arena," notes Anand Jon. "Celebrities add positive friction to the runway." Does that mean the next model hot spot will be the unemployment office? —Alice M. Lee



RODRIGUEZ



JAGGER



PARIS HILTON

THE SHAW REPORT by Jessica Shaw

IN	FIVE MINUTES AGO	OUT
Spelunking	Trekking up Everest	Bungee jumping
Iceland Spring water	Fruit water	"Our tap water is really clean"
Knitting your own sweaters	Embroidered jeans	Crocheted ponchos
Brazil backlash	Belgium backlash	France backlash



MOST LIKELY TO THANK THE ACADEMY

The Oscars aren't the only place where *Gladiator* is dueling *Crouching Tiger, Hidden Dragon*: Curvy cheongsams were spotted at Rebecca Taylor and Yeohlee, while Chinese lettering adorned a bomber jacket at Vivienne Tam. Meanwhile, Jill Stuart and Christina Perrin featured draped and ruched dresses that Lucilla would surely risk vexing Commodus for. "She used a lot of styles and inspiration from the past," says Perrin fan Leelee Sobieski. "It's beautiful, timeless, and elegant."

Sure, they look great on long-limbed amazons (not to mention Julia Roberts), but can mere mortals don microminis and stiletto boots without feeling like a *Pretty Woman*? Betsey Johnson certainly thinks so, though Aerosmith's Steven Tyler (who bobbed his head when "Sweet Emotion" blasted) seemed to appreciate the designer's short-skirted creations more than the poor model tugging on her hem during her entire catwalk.



MOST LIKELY TO STOP TRAFFIC

Style Watch

Goodbye, kitschy glam. Hello, styles Dubya would find fine and dandy. At NYC's just-concluded Mercedes-Benz Fashion Week, designers eschewed the flashy '80s influence that prevailed last spring in favor of subdued equestrian looks and the return of black. So with fashion mavens playing it relatively safe, it was up to visiting celebs like Ashton Kutcher, Jennifer Love Hewitt, Tori Spelling, Lil' Kim, and Kevin Bacon to spice up the festivities.

"If you are short and fat, you put on a Diane Von Furstenberg dress and you are *hot*! If you are tall and lanky and you do not have boobs,

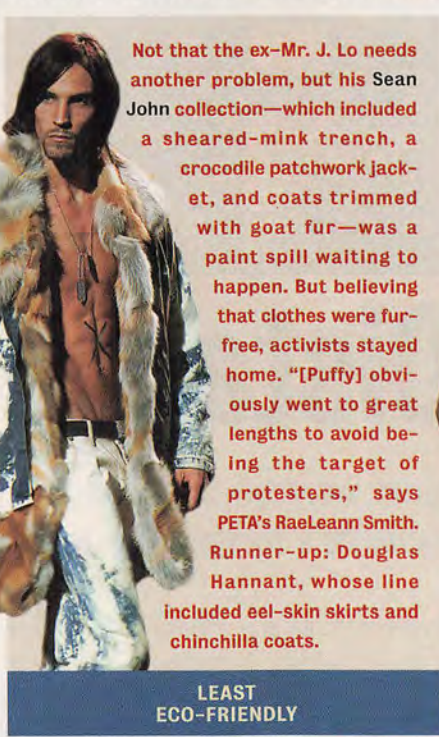
you put [it] on and you are *slammin*!" declared Angie Harmon, who took in Von Furstenberg, Luca Luca, Oscar de la Renta, and Jill Stuart. At Fause Hatén, Third Eye Blind singer Stephan Jenkins offered this take on personal style: "I've worn the same pair of leather pants for the last year...they smell now like something I can't even describe."

Turned away from the packed Michael Kors show, rap queen Eve sniffed, "I'm leaving. It was our day [gesturing toward beau Stevie J], so we're gonna go have love day." And while that was a bit too much info, here are EW's own lovegrams to fall 2001's collections. —Clarissa Cruz, with additional reporting by Nicholas Fonseca and Alice M. Lee



Proof of Life may have tanked at the box office, but Russell Crowe's jungle-boogie fashion legacy lives on: Camouflage prints stood out at **Custo Barcelona**, Pierrot, and Vivienne Tam. Pierrot's show even came complete with—take note, PETA devotees!—fake deer for that faux-wilderness effect. It's the sexy cuts that make army style fresh again...though we're not sure Russell could squeeze into the tiny halter top and miniskirt combos.

MOST COMBAT-READY



Not that the ex-Mr. J. Lo needs another problem, but his Sean John collection—which included a sheared-mink trench, a crocodile patchwork jacket, and coats trimmed with goat fur—was a paint spill waiting to happen. But believing that clothes were fur-free, activists stayed home. "[Puffy] obviously went to great lengths to avoid being the target of protesters," says PETA's Raelann Smith. Runner-up: Douglas Hannant, whose line included eel-skin skirts and chinchilla coats.

LEAST ECO-FRIENDLY



After a season of '80s-inspired, color-drenched confections, fashionistas are back in black. The most slimming of shades was featured in every imaginable interpretation, from minimalist little black dresses (**Diane Von Furstenberg**) to outrageous contraptions Cher would be proud to strap on (Bob Mackie). "People are wearing black regardless," says perennially black-clad matchbox twenty frontman Rob Thomas (at Vivienne Tam). "We were out and now we're coming back, so it's nice."

MOST WELCOME COMEBACK



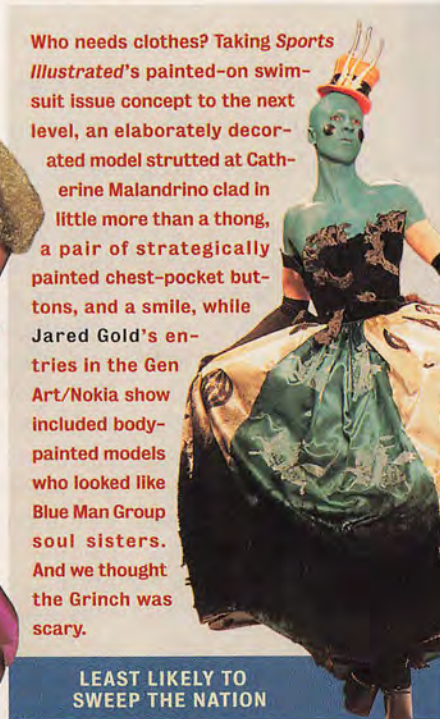
After last season's parade of punk, safety-pinned '80s garb, designers offered outfits designed to bring out the inner soccer mom. Featuring everything from adorably proper tweed dresses to camel-color trousers tucked into riding boots, Carolina Herrera's, Michael Kors's, and Ralph Lauren's collections heralded Republican-era style. "It's not so city," says **STYLE.com** fashion director Lauren duPont. "It's more of a chic suburban-woman kind of thing."

MOST LIKELY TO PLEASE DUBYA



The fashion savvy can thank their, ahem, lucky stars that lace is back. And whether it's as a sheer overlay on luscious evening gowns (**Oscar de la Renta** and Ralph Lauren) or as casual lace-up tops (Catherine Malandrino), the fabric jazzes up a sea of black. And never fear, last season's favorite legwear is still in vogue. "I was worried that fishnets were out already," says Angie Harmon (after perusing Oscar de la Renta's fishnet-happy line). "I'm so glad they're not!"

MOST LIKELY TO PLEASE MADONNA



Who needs clothes? Taking **Sports Illustrated's** painted-on swimsuit issue concept to the next level, an elaborately decorated model strutted at Catherine Malandrino clad in little more than a thong, a pair of strategically painted chest-pocket buttons, and a smile, while Jared Gold's entries in the Gen Art/Nokia show included body-painted models who looked like Blue Man Group soul sisters. And we thought the Grinch was scary.

LEAST LIKELY TO SWEEP THE NATION



WHO WANTS TO SAVE THE NETWORK? New episodes will help (1) Philbin (with celeb guest Mark McGrath) and (2) Carey buoy ABC

Striking Distance

BIZ Writers' walkout? ABC's not worried, thanks to an unusual deal struck with *Millionaire's* scribes. by Josh Wolk

IF THE WRITERS GUILD OF AMERICA STRIKES May 2, and the quiz-crafters on *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* continue to work, are they:

- (a) Scabs?
- (b) Dirty rotten scabs?
- (c) Stinking backstabbing scabs?
- (d) Guild members in good standing?

No need to call Norma Rae for a lifeline: Your final

answer should be (d), thanks to an extraordinary deal recently struck between *Millionaire* production company Valleycrest and the WGA East, in which Regis' staff joins the union but is exempt from the impending labor dispute. The pact is good for *Millionaire's* 16-member writing crew—they get around \$100 more a week, plus residuals—but the real beneficiary is ABC. Should members of the writers union unplug their PCs, *Millionaire's* scribes will continue feeding Reege questions,

giving ABC a grand-prize ratings advantage over CBS, NBC, and Fox in a prolonged strike.

Making *Millionaire* a strike-proof weapon began in January 2000, when the WGA and the show's writers first spoke. Valleycrest resisted a contract, but wavered when the union threatened to investigate whether the company, a subsidiary of ABC owner Disney, was legally held to the same guild duty as its parent. The deadlock finally broke last fall, when Valleycrest proposed the present deal.

This clever showbiz quid pro quo means ABC is guaranteed several original episodes of its top-20 show a week, while its rivals will be stuck with reruns, old movies, or—gasp—a possible new season of *Big Brother*. Given that a similar agreement has been reached with the writers who come up with the improv-game concepts for Drew Carey's *Whose Line Is It Anyway?*, ABC will be a first-run oasis.

Why would the guild want its writers to skip the strike? Because it believes ABC's success will panic other nets and production companies and spur them to fold faster. "We're fairly certain it will be noticed," says guild spokesperson Cheryl Rhoden. (Valleycrest, ABC, and competing networks declined to comment.) The guild cites historical precedent: In its eyes, the turning point in the 1988 strike came when 73 smaller

production companies—including those behind *The Cosby Show* and Johnny Carson's *The Tonight Show*—signed interim agreements to get back to work.

Other WGA members don't think this is any way to work for the union label. "It seems to go against the guild's stance," says DAG exec producer Jack Burditt. "They've been going around saying, 'Don't give [the nets] any extra episodes.'" As for solidarity: "I don't see how someone can be exempt and someone else has to strike," says *Everybody Loves Raymond's* creator Phil Rosenthal. "We're either brothers or we're not."

The WGA maintains that it only agreed to the deals because otherwise *Millionaire* and *Whose Line* would continue as nonunion shops. "Faced with either allowing these writers to work without a union contract or allowing them to work with the protection," says Rhoden, "you go for the organizing."

But just how organized a plan this really is might depend on another union's brotherhood. If the Screen Actors Guild strikes June 30, Regis may stop asking the questions, leaving no network with the final answer. ■

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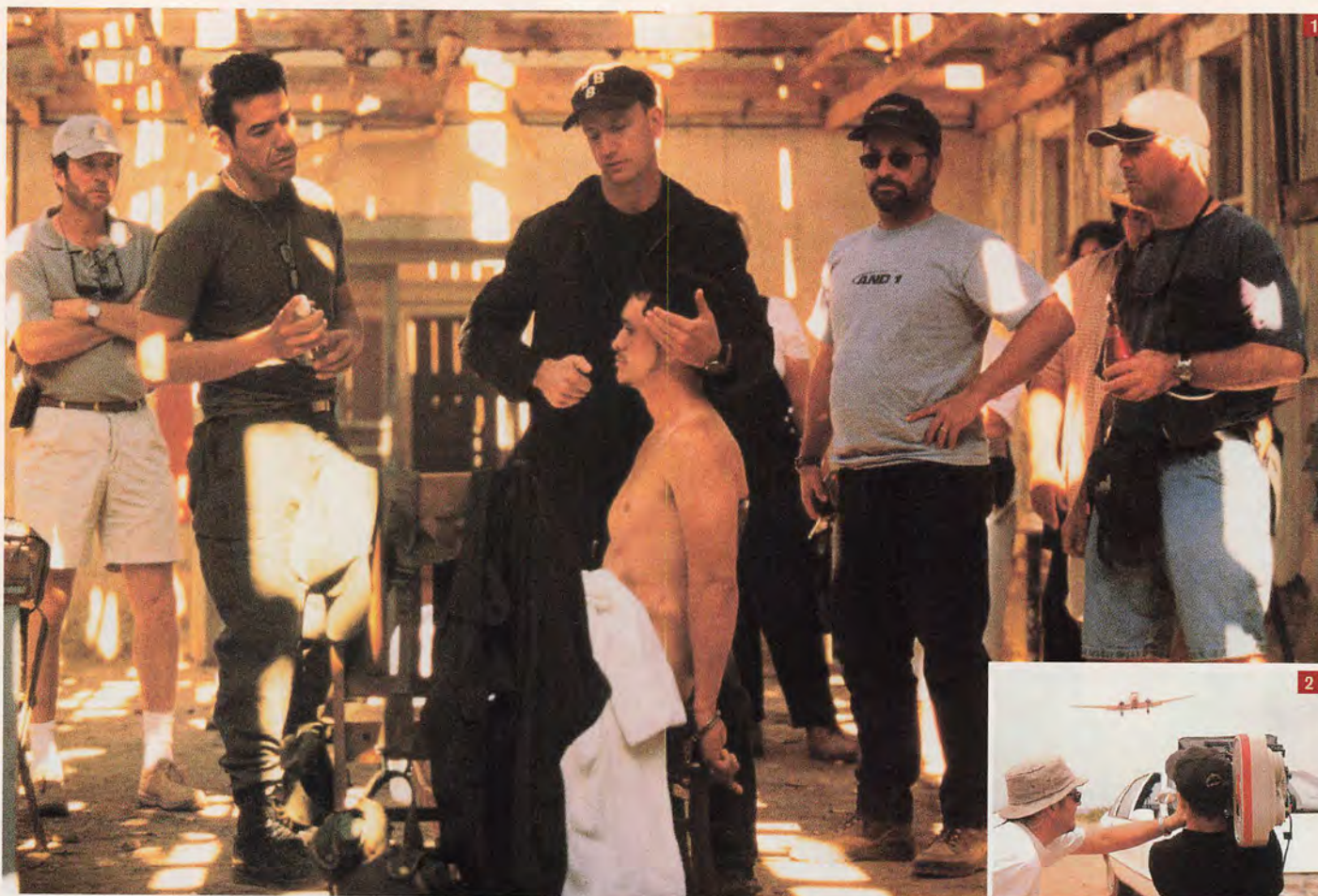
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Dope and Glory

BEHIND THE SCENES Directing *Traffic* was no walk in needle park for Oscar-lauded Steven Soderbergh. by Steve Daly

IT'S 8:38 A.M. EASTERN TIME ON FEB. 13—THE Academy Award nominations are about to be announced—and director Steven Soderbergh is not glued to a TV. He's at Trump Plaza casino in Atlantic City, three days into shooting *Ocean's 11*, and he's having a bad morning. For half an hour, he's been trying to nail a shot of George Clooney—cast as heist mastermind Danny Ocean—riding up an escalator

and disappearing into a crowd on the gambling floor. Soderbergh is also acting as his own cinematographer and principal camera operator on the \$90 million film. But he just can't oper-

ate his way through this setup.

"The idea was to start facing George, then turn and follow him as he gets off the escalator," the filmmaker explains later. "We tried a dolly move in. That

didn't work. We tried it handheld. That didn't work either."

In the middle of Soderbergh's exasperation, the synchronized bleating of umpteen cell phones suddenly cuts through the slot-machine din. The whole world wants to congratulate him on the 10 nominations his 2000 releases, *Erin Brockovich* and *Traffic*, have just received. Each earned Best Director, Best Picture, and best screenplay nods—as sports-minded Soderbergh calls it, "a triple double."

Not that you could tell from his immediate on-set reaction.

"I just had kind of a blank look on my face," he says. "As if to say, 'Will you please just tell me something that will help me figure this shot out?' At that particular moment, I was feeling very unprofessional and very unexceptional."

And maybe overwhelmed, given the campaigning demands of awards season. For months, Soderbergh has refused to lobby for one of his movies at the expense of the other. But execs at USA Films obviously have much more at stake in promoting *Traffic's* five nods—which helped boost the picture's take by 69 percent the weekend after the announcement (bringing its gross to \$80 million)—than Universal execs do in trumpeting the five for *Erin Brockovich*, which took in \$125.6 million during its initial run. "Steven can't choose, he'll never choose," says USA Films president Russell

Schwartz. "And he shouldn't, because then he'll be accused of falling into the fray."

Still, that won't stop USA from trying to position *Traffic* as the fresher, edgier, more artistically ambitious Soderbergh film that most deserves Academy votes. And there's no question that what Soderbergh, USA Films, and Laura Bickford, one of the producers, went through to get *Traffic* made is a much juicier, dramatic, nothing-will-stop-us tale than the relatively smooth ride of *Erin Brockovich*.

"Twelve months ago, it looked like the whole thing was going to fall off a cliff and just crash on the rocks," says Soderbergh.

What almost pushed it over the edge? Let's flash back, like Soderbergh often does in his movies, and zero in on three crucial production moments when *Traffic* hit red lights.

A Ford Escort

HARRISON FORD FIRST CONSIDERED playing drug czar Robert Wakefield in January 2000, after reading an early script draft—the same version Michael Douglas had declined a few weeks earlier. Producer Bickford was at home one morning when Ford's manager, Pat McQueeney, called to pitch his interest. "I told Pat, 'Nothing would make us happier,'" says Bickford. "But we hear you never cut your price, and we don't have three months to wait to hear a no."

A frenzied negotiation began, with lawyers and agents scrambling to present an offer to Ford reportedly worth \$10 million (half his usual fee). Meanwhile, the 57-year-old actor met with Soderbergh to flesh out Wakefield. "He had very cogent opinions," says Soderbergh, "about what might be done to sort of activate Robert a little bit."

Ford seemed happy after screenwriter Stephen Gaghan

reworked the role, adding several scenes that wound up in the finished film. (Among them: Wakefield's "thinking out of the box" pep talk and more conversations between him and his wife.) Then, on Feb. 20—a few days after the American Film Institute gave Ford a Life Achievement award—the star called Soderbergh to just say no.

The trades were all over the story, and it looked as though the picture was stalled. But Soderbergh and Bickford kept their cool. The upside, says Soderbergh, was that they "had a better version of the movie to show" to other actors. Michael Douglas reread the script, loved the improvements, and quickly agreed to star. (His soon-to-be-wife, Catherine Zeta-Jones, had already been cast as drug-pinning spouse Helena Ayala.) That was enough to move *Traffic* from gridlocked to greenlit.

Arrested Development

THE FILM, WHICH MARKED Soderbergh's first union-accredited gig as his own director of photography and camera operator, offered surprises the very first week of shooting. Unbeknownst to his producers, the filmmaker employed a complex negative-manipulation scheme

for Ayala's story line. Something went amiss, and half of the first day's footage came out overexposed and unusable. Before the financiers or studio chiefs even knew about the problem, Soderbergh was already doing reshoots. Insurers made him agree that if there were any further lensing mishaps resulting in additional shooting days, costs would come from his pocket. He and producer Bickford got it all fixed and wrapped on schedule.

Subtitle Bout

USA FILMS AGREED TO GIVE Soderbergh final cut on *Traffic* and also consented to another, seemingly innocuous stipulation: Whenever any Mexican characters spoke to each other, it would be in Spanish. Translation: Almost all of the scenes featuring Oscar nominee Benicio Del Toro as a south-of-the-border cop would have to be subtitled. Somehow, that didn't sink in to USA execs until about a week before filming. "I think it was when they saw the first invoice for one of the dialect coaches," Soderbergh says.

According to the director, there was a "three-minute conversation" about possibly shooting Del Toro's scenes in both

English and Spanish. The suggestion quickly died—an enormous relief to Puerto Rican native Del Toro, who'd been cramming to master Mexican inflections and improve his own "extremely broken" Spanish vocabulary. He still worried that some other actor would be called in to rerecord his dialogue in English if the studio balked at subtitles. "Can you imagine?" the actor says. "You do the whole movie, bust your butt to get it as realistic as possible, and someone dubs your voice? I said, 'No way. Over my dead body.' Steven was like, 'Don't worry. It's not gonna happen.'"

THANKS TO SODERBERGH'S persistence and USA's consent, Del Toro's fears went unrealized. And on Oscar night, nobody will be prouder than Soderbergh when the auditorium echoes with *las palabras auténticas* in film clips. That is, if the director isn't on the *Ocean's 11* set trying to fix a shot involving Clooney or Julia Roberts: He's scheduled to be shooting in Las Vegas on Sunday, March 25. "We're gonna have to start early that day," says the double Best Director contender. "Then I'm gonna jump on a plane to go sit next to myself." ■

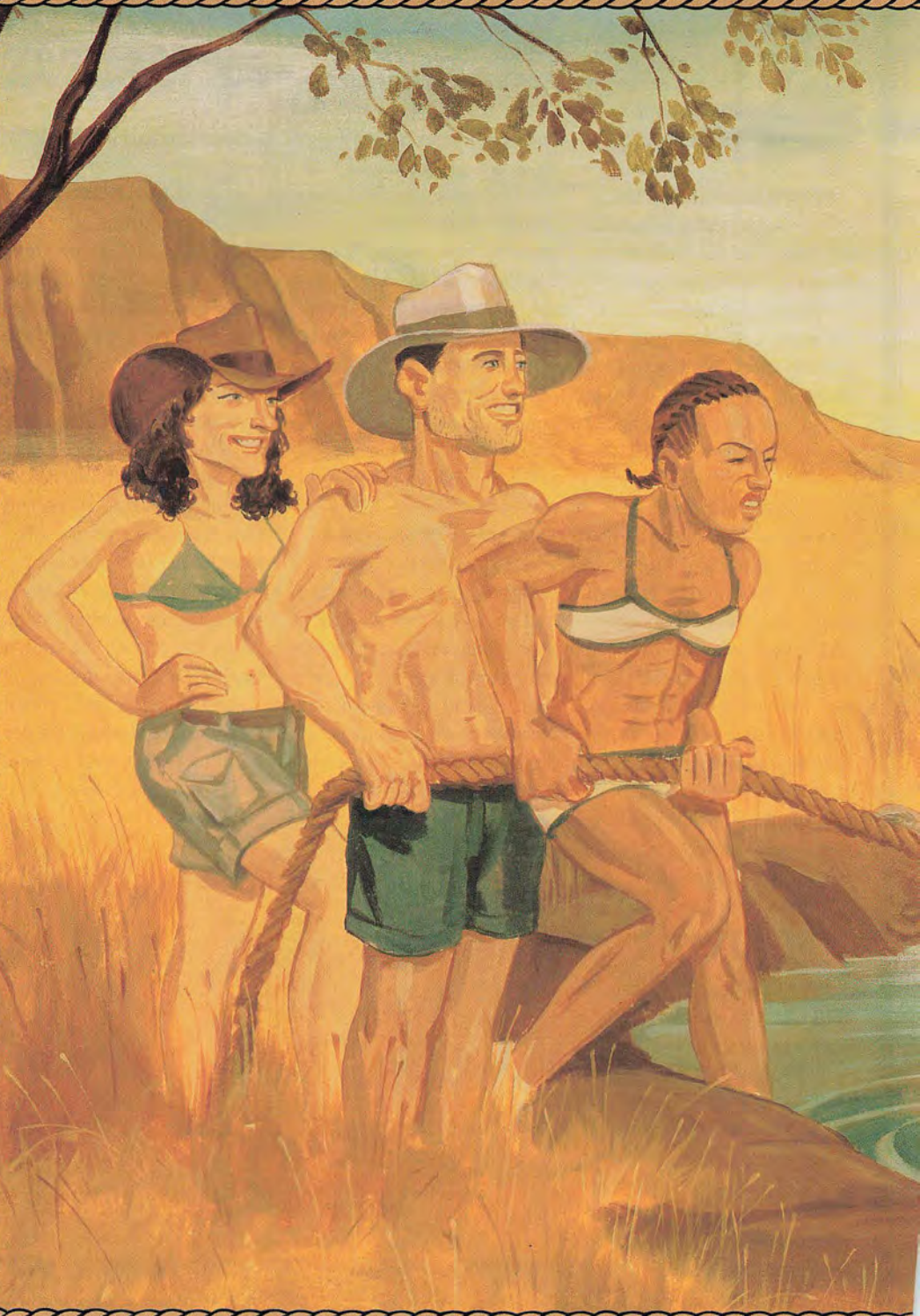


ADVENTURES IN THE DRUG TRADE (1) Soderbergh, in black, and (2) with camera, sets *Traffic* in motion; (3) the law comes down on Zeta-Jones; (4) Douglas took the role of drug czar after (5) Ford turned it down

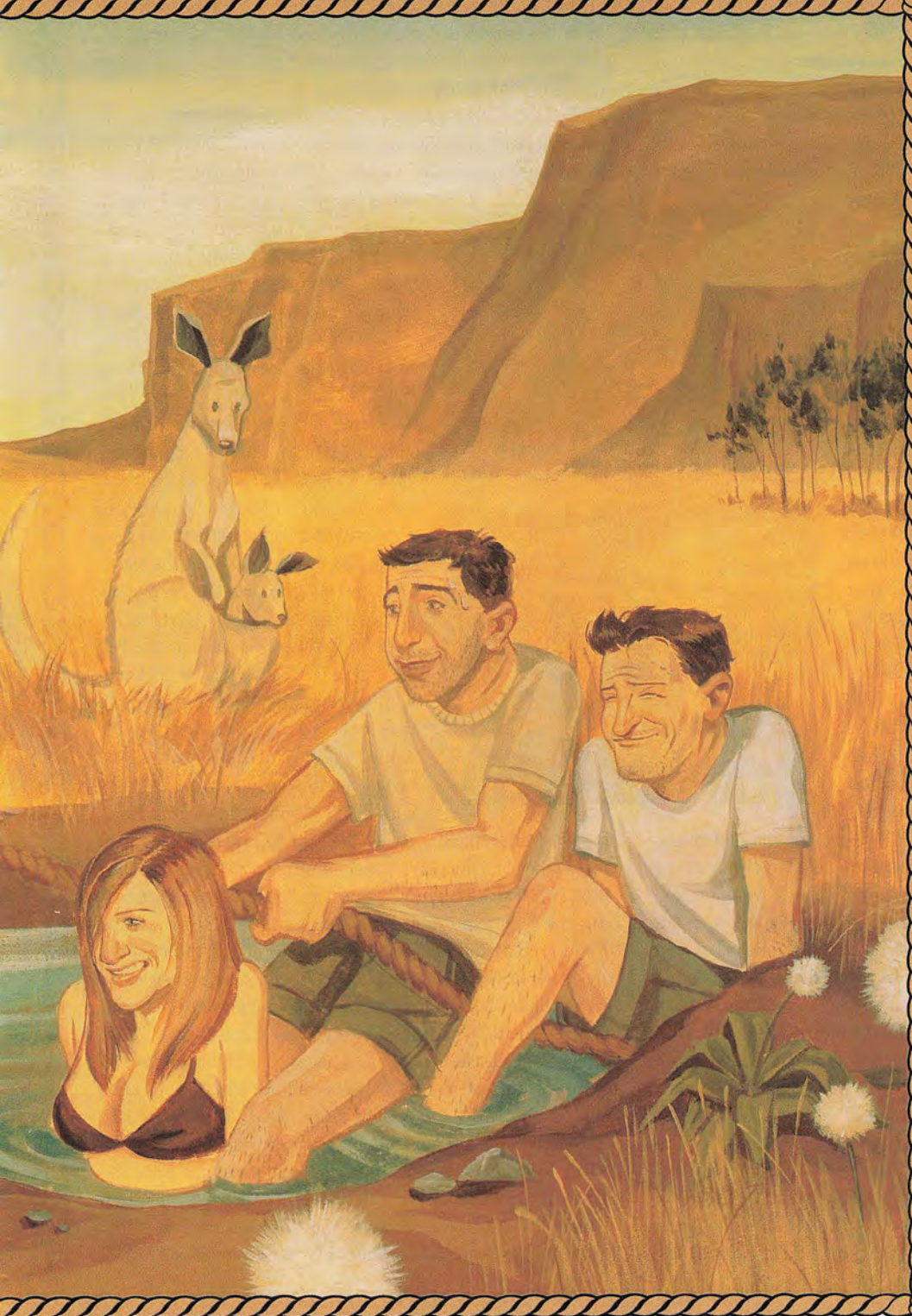
THUR's Day Night's al

A behind-the-scenes look at the scheming, strategizing, and subterfuge in the weekly war between CBS' **SURVIVOR 2** and NBC's **FRIENDS**

►► PRETEND IT'S YOUR first day on the job as NBC Entertainment president. You pick up your security card, shake a few hands—but before you've even had time to arrange the pens in your coffee cup, the phone rings. There seems to be a lot of excitement and jabbering on the other end of the line, but five words stick out: "*Survivor* against *Friends*, Thursday night." You open the window, stick your head out, look up to the heavens, and cry, "Why, God, why?" Or, as Jeff Zucker—the Peacock suit who actually took that fateful call—exclaimed on that December day: "Oh, my God, what have I gotten myself into?" • Only the best TV matchup ever, that's all! But Zucker, a former *Today* show exec producer, couldn't just sit back and marvel at the



Right for Fighting



impending prizefight—he had to make sure NBC's most valuable commodity, *Must See TV*, didn't end up flat on its back whiffing smelling salts. Thus the stage was set for the Great Battle for Thursday Night. Now take an inside-the-trenches look at how the combatants have been strategizing for each weekly skirmish.

NOVEMBER 2000 After announcing that *Survivor: The Australian Outback* will debut directly after the Super Bowl on Jan. 28, CBS execs begin to map out a game plan for the rest of the season. The Eye wants to find a time slot where the show can provide a strong lead-in for the promising new drama *CSI*. Scheduling guru Kelly Kahl pushes to put *Survivor* on Thursday, but CBS president Leslie Moonves prefers the safety of a Wednesday-at-8-p.m. berth, the slot that *Survivor 1* had dominated all summer long. "Wednesday would have been a lot easier," says Moonves. ▶▶

by Lynette Rice

"Without showing disrespect to *Ed*, it's a lot easier facing *Ed* than *Friends*, the No. 1 comedy." But since a Wednesday-night matchup would pit *CSI* against that dauntingly popular drama *The West Wing*, the Eye decides to take a flier on Thursday, throwing *CSI* against *Will & Grace* and *Just Shoot Me*. Moonves quickly begins to sweat bullets. "In failure, it could be said that we not only killed *Survivor*, but we wasted a show [*CSI*] that was carrying Friday nights for us," he says.

DECEMBER 18 CBS chooses the day that Zucker begins his new job to announce its Thursday-night plans. Although Zucker's caught off guard, the *Friends* producers aren't. "We heard it may be coming, though we obviously would have preferred Wednesday," says exec producer David Crane. At this point, *Friends* has filmed only one episode for February sweeps, and although Crane says his staff approaches every sweeps period with a plan to do something special, CBS believes its scheduling shocker has upped the ante. "We know for a fact they called everybody in America to guest-star in *Friends*," says one Eye insider. "We were relieved they only got Susan Sarandon and Jason Alexander. Brad Pitt would have bothered us."

EARLY JANUARY A hell-bent Zucker calls upon his staff to come up with something—anything—that'll keep *Survivor* at bay. CBS assumes that NBC will yank the underperforming *Weber Show* and run repeats of its successful Thursday-night comedies (*Friends* or *Will & Grace*) at 8:30 p.m.—which is exactly what staffers suggest to Zucker. He nixes it. Then one exec gets a bright idea: Run an extended episode of *Friends* and follow it with a live *SNL*. Zucker loves it, but the higher-ups see the supersize episodes as risky. Would advertisers worry about the positioning of their spots? (As it turns out, no.) Would the *Friends* get ticked off at the prospect of extra work? Not even an issue: "We often have jokes that you want to kill yourself if they're lost but you have to cut something to keep the show at 22 minutes," says Crane. "With the longer episodes, we can keep some of those." Across town, CBS is marginally impressed at NBC's chutzpah. "I wouldn't say the supersized episodes was a smart idea, but it clearly showed them being proactive," concedes Moonves.

JANUARY 28 *Survivor* 2 debuts, retaining 78 percent of the Super Bowl's audience, and averaging 45.4 million viewers. But before the champagne is even uncorked at the Eye, NBC promptly pokes it: The net gently reminds the press that a special 1996 post-Super Bowl episode of *Friends* av-

eraged 52.9 million viewers. Still, that doesn't stop NBC from doing some expectation-lowering spin control: In anticipation of the first Thursday-night matchup, it predicts *Friends* will lose to *Survivor* among 18–49-year-olds. CBS says it envisions the sextet sitcom eking out a victory in that demo.

FEBRUARY 1 The head-to-head battle is hours away. As a goodwill gesture, *Survivor* producers send the show's signature bandannas to the *Friends* production office, and Moonves rings up Zucker. "We have a really nice relationship," says Zucker. "He called to wish me luck. I wished him the same. But he did say he hopes he kicks our brains in."

FEBRUARY 2 Ratings are out. *Survivor* rules the 8–9 p.m. hour, zipping past *Friends* in total viewers, and *CSI* beats the Peacock comedies. Frankly, CBS is surprised. "I knew

we'd be competitive but I didn't know we'd beat them," admits Moonves. "It was the first time in 17 years we've been competitive [on Thursday night]. The first time since *Friends* was on the air that it lost to anything at 8, not only in households but in demos as well." Zucker calls Moonves to congratulate him. "I don't begrudge anybody their success," he says. Besides, Zucker has little reason to pout. Not only did *Friends* maintain its season average among 18–49-year-olds, but the show-down actually improved the performance of network TV as a whole. By Feb. 15, viewership among the Big Four on a Thursday was at 57.1 million viewers, up 20 percent from the time before *Survivor* 2 aired, while cable was down 12 percent. Says broadcast researcher Steve Sternberg of TN Media: "*Survivor* is drawing

viewers from all the networks, cable, and is getting people who ordinarily don't watch anything during that hour."

RIGHT ABOUT NOW The scorecard so far: *Survivor* is attracting the larger audience, averaging 28.8 million versus *Friends*' 22.1 million. But it's a horse race in the coveted 18–49 demo: *Survivor*'s enticing 14.8 million versus *Friends*' 13.8 million. "It's the first time I've looked forward to [reading the Thursday ratings] since I walked in this door," says Moonves. But the Peacock still has reason to fluff its feathers: It continues to enjoy a 47 percent advantage over CBS among adults 18–49 on Thursday nights thanks to *ER*, which CBS hasn't successfully counterprogrammed...yet. After February sweeps, NBC will get a respite from the Thursday siege when CBS airs NCAA basketball on March 15 and 22 and moves *Survivor* to Wednesday. But when *Survivor/CSI* returns to Thursday on March 29, CBS will



THE YOUNG AND THE RETCHING (1) *Friends* tries to outrun the competition, but (2) *Survivor* has the edge



have an edge, as *Friends* will have to sprinkle in repeats through April. (It does, however; have one guaranteed rating spike: Winona Ryder's set to guest-star in an upcoming episode.) "In this business you never breathe a sigh of relief," says NBC's head of research, Alan Wurtzel. "Running a repeat is never better than running an original. We are going to take somewhat of a hit, but it's not inconceivable that there are two different audiences [for *Friends* and *Survivor*]. I think we'll be okay." CBS plans to take full advantage of the Peacock's downtime: It's rolling out *The Big Apple*, a new cop drama from *NYPD Blue* veteran David Milch at 10 p.m. on March 1—opposite what it expected would be a repeat of *ER*. The day after that CBS an-

nouncement, however, NBC counterpunched by slating an original *ER* for the night. Still, says the Eye's Kahl, "no one expects to beat *ER* or even get close. If we can hold on to two thirds of the audience from *CSI*, that's a huge step forward. A 14 or 15 share in homes would be great for us."

At this point, NBC has no plans to fiddle with its Thursdays, other than returning *The Weber Show* to 8:30 p.m. "My first reaction was 'Who cares?'" says Steven Weber of his Aussie competition. "Aren't there like 280 million people in the U.S.? There has to be an alternative for people who really don't care about that stupid show. I don't watch it. There's got to be a lot of people like me." For your sake, Steven, we certainly hope so. ■

KANGAROO COURT

Who wins and who loses in the down-under-and-dirty SURVIVOR 2 kerfuffle



◀ **WINNER** • **Beef jerky** Thanks to the Kel controversy, this dried-out beef treat has enjoyed even more free publicity than tapioca got from Sue.

LOSER • **Bartenders** Oft-sobbing barkeep Kimmi is proving to be the most annoying Long Island expat since Alec

Baldwin; meanwhile, Keith dissed Jerri by sneering "I didn't come out here to be pushed around by a bartender/wannabe actress."

WINNER • **Elliott Gould** "Supersize" *Friends* episodes have given him more face time than he's had in America since *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice*.

LOSER • **The "Reebok guys"** Madison Avenue's Gen-X wonder boys were downsized to brief cameos in favor of the footwear company's new, fast-paced "Defy Convention" campaign.

WINNER • **Conan O'Brien** His *Friends* outtake show nabbed 22.5 million viewers—approximately nine times the average *Late Night* audience. And he didn't even need a bawdy dog puppet.

◀ **LOSER** • **PETA** So far, the Survivors have eaten cow brains, beheaded a chicken, and massacred a wild boar. It's a good thing there

are no baby seals to club in the outback.

▶ **WINNER** • **Paul Hogan** Australia's new hot-spot status will likely give the actor's new sequel, *Crocodile Dundee in Los Angeles*, a g'day at the box office when it opens this April.

LOSER • **PornstarSurvivor.com** The adult website—in which porn stars compete against each other and other challengers in games like naked Twister—received a cease-and-desist letter from irked CBS lawyers.

WINNER • **The AARP** At least these Survivors waited till the third episode to cast off the silver-haired, 52-year-old "Mad Dog" Maralyn.

LOSER • **Our armed forces** Army intelligence officer Kel was outmaneuvered by amateur actress Jerri. What's next, the Navy getting overthrown by the Burt Reynolds Dinner Theater?

◀ **WINNER** • **Texas** First they get Dubya in the White House, and then Colby brings the state flag as

his "luxury item." Yee-haw!

▶ **LOSER** • **Regis** Though *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire* is eligible for the newly created best non-fiction (special class) Emmy, it can't compete against *Survivor* until 2002, since Reege's reps have already applied for the Daytime Emmys.



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SUNDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

MARCH 2001

PRIMETIME HIGHLIGHTS ALL TIMES EASTERN

4

8:00pm 2001: A Space Odyssey
10:30pm The Guns of Navarone
1:30am Destination Moon

5

8:00pm Days of Wine and Roses
10:30pm Arthur
12:00am Papa's Delicate Condition

6

8:00pm Seven Brides for Seven Brothers
10:30pm On the Town
12:30am A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum

11

8:00pm Northwest Mounted Police
10:15pm Sergeant York
12:30am Jaws

12

8:00pm Some Like It Hot
10:30pm Whatever Happened to Baby Jane?
1:00am The Night of the Iguana

13

8:00pm Pride and Prejudice
10:00pm Little Women ('49)
12:15am Lost Horizon

18

8:00pm Citizen Kane
10:30pm The Producers
12:00am The Bachelor and the Bobby-Soxer

19

8:00pm Ben-Hur ('59)
12:00am Annie Hall
2:00am The Broadway Melody

20

8:00pm Chariots of Fire
10:30pm Oliver!
1:30am Mrs. Miniver

25

8:00pm Meet Me in St. Louis
10:00pm Possessed
12:00am Singin' in the Rain
73rd Academy Awards®
(on ABC)

26

8:00pm The Alamo
11:30pm The Bells of St. Mary's
2:00am San Francisco

27

8:00pm It's a Mad, Mad, Mad, Mad World
11:30pm The Dirty Dozen
2:30am Grand Prix



M O V I E S P R E S E N T S

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31

DAYS of
OSCAR®

WEDNESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SATURDAY

1
8:00pm Paper Moon
10:30pm For Whom the Bell Tolls
1:00am Murder on the Orient Express

2
8:00pm She Wore a Yellow Ribbon
10:00pm Battleground
12:30am A River Runs Through It

3
8:00pm The Quiet Man
10:30pm Fiddler on the Roof
2:00am Bound for Glory

7
8:00pm Breakfast at Tiffany's
10:30pm A Little Romance
12:00am Now, Voyager

8
8:00pm The Big Country
11:00pm The Barefoot Contessa
1:30am Being There

9
8:00pm Hud
10:00pm The Miracle Worker
12:00am Moonstruck

10
8:00pm Born Yesterday
10:00pm Gaslight
12:00am Who's Afraid of Virginia Woolf?

14
8:00pm To Kill A Mockingbird
10:30pm Elmer Gantry
1:00am Little Women ('33)

15
8:00pm The Treasure of the Sierra Madre
10:30pm The Graduate
12:30am Giant

16
8:00pm Separate Tables
10:00pm True Grit
12:30am The Goodbye Girl

17
8:00pm The Philadelphia Story
10:00pm Philadelphia
12:00am Cat Ballou

21
8:00pm From Here to Eternity
10:30pm Rocky
12:30am In the Heat of the Night

22
8:00pm The Apartment
10:30pm Out of Africa
1:30am An American in Paris

23
8:00pm Gone With the Wind
12:30am The Sting
2:15am Ordinary People

24
8:00pm West Side Story
11:00pm Casablanca
1:00am Mutiny on the Bounty ('35)

28
8:00pm Mon Oncle
8:15pm Desert Victory

29
8:00pm The Champ ('31)
9:30pm Manhattan Melodrama
11:30pm The Story of Louis Pasteur

30
8:00pm The Fortune Cookie
10:15pm Close Encounters of the Third Kind
12:45am The Defiant Ones

31
8:00pm The Jazz Singer
9:30pm The Search
11:30pm Seven Faces of Dr. Lao

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The Good-bye Gang

They've made it through the embarrassment of having their torches snuffed out. Now the first four **SURVIVOR** castoffs blab about betrayal, beef jerky, beauty products, and basketball. by Josh Wolk



OUSTED OUTBACKER #1 DEBB EATON

Age 45 Occupation Prison guard from Milan, N.H. **Tribe** Kucha **Survivor trademark** After refusing to participate in Kimmi's sex chats, Eaton had a rude awakening at the first Tribal Council. **Days before getting the boot** 3

You were voted off unanimously. That must have hurt more than a rabid wallaby bite. The whole walk to Tribal Council, all I could think about was, Man, it's going to be seven votes and that's just going to be humiliating. But I know it wasn't personal. You can't go out and play this kind of game and take it personally or you're going to be seeing a psychologist.

With all the cliques that formed, it was kind of like watching *Australian Outback, 90210*. It was, and that disappointed me. You get dropped out there with seven other adults...the conversation at night doesn't have to be serious, but the stuff they were talking about was just like you'd find with a bunch of 15-year-olds.

At night, did you fantasize about sticking Kimmi in the hole? I had said that the first thing I was gonna do was build a punitive segregation cage, and I'd probably still be there had I done that and thrown Kimmi in. But we talk now and get along fine. She's just bigger than life, in your face.

After seeing how nasty the Kuchas got once you left, are you glad you went home early? In a sense. On the first *Survivor*, they didn't know what they were up against. They laughed, they had fun. This one, everyone's out for blood...If it takes treachery and deceitfulness to win, then I lost, because I can't do that.

Out of all the luxury items to choose from, why in God's name did you pick eyeliner? They give you pretty strict guidelines...you can't bring survival stuff. I asked for a disposable camera. No, can't have it. A watch? Nope. So I was like, Well, what about eyeliner? They said, "Oh, bring that!" So now the rest of the country thinks I'm retarded, but I just laugh.

Do they think I would be so stupid as to bring eyeliner instead of matches if I could have?



OUSTED OUTBACKER #2 KEL GLEASON

Age 33 Occupation Army intelligence officer from Fort Hood, Tex. **Tribe** Ogakor **Survivor trademark** This failed fisherman worked while others whined, but was ousted when Jerri accused him of being the Jerky Boy. **Days before getting the boot** 6

After you were seen bragging about your alliance with Maralyn and Tina, they both voted you off. Oops? No, I understood. I played the game as an officer and a gentleman. I'm an intelligence officer because I'm somebody you can trust; they don't give out top secret clearances to any Joe Blow. I was not gonna lie, cheat, or backstab.

Sounds like you were on the wrong show. When the producers were interviewing me, they said, "Your ethics might get in the way." I knew once I left the game I had to go back to the military, and I did not want young soldiers to say this person is a liar and a cheater.

When you see a Slim Jim, do you suffer from posttraumatic stress disorder? I have nothing against beef jerky. In fact, I've been approached by quite a few companies and I'd be happy to do an endorsement. Maybe that's how I'll finally pay off my student loans.

You said you were actually eating grass, not jerky. What was next—shoes? At one point I *was* looking at our footwear.... I would scoop up anything on the ground and put it in my mouth.

If CBS gave Jerri her own show, would you boycott the network? Actually, I would watch it just to see how she'd do. I know Jerri and a lot of people on the show knew it would help their TV or movie careers. A lot of times I didn't feel

like I was on *Survivor*, I felt like I was on *Star Search*. I kept expecting Ed McMahon to step out of the bush. People were always performing for that camera.

Did you get tired of all those close-ups? There were cameras everywhere, it's ridiculous. Once in the middle of the night I woke up to take a leak, and I banged my head on a camera. I said, "What's going on?" and the cameraman said, "I'm trying to get a shot of you picking your nose."

OUSTED OUTBACKER #3 MARALYN "MAD DOG" HERSHEY



Age 52 Occupation Retired police inspector from Wakefield, Va. **Tribe** Ogakor **Survivor trademark** This crooning cop was beloved by all of her Machiavellian mates, yet by falling during the team

tethered race she got herself bounced out of the outback.

Days before getting the boot 9

For all of our worm-eating readers, why is it best to take out your dentures before noshing? I took out my lower partial because if I bit into the thing, I knew I'd be right at the bucket. Also, it has little wires, and the worm might get stuck. And believe me, I wasn't going to let that happen.

The second you stumbled during your last challenge, were you mentally packing your bags? I knew if we lost that challenge, my hours were numbered.... The young crocs [*Ogakor* is a variation on the aboriginal word for "crocodile"] must have gotten an alliance so early on that it went right over my head, and by the time I knew, it was too late.

When you saw that Tina had voted you off, did you want to revoke that whole "she is a constellation" compliment? There was a flash [of that] that went through my body, because watching the episode was the first time I became aware she had cast a vote against me. But I had to remind myself that this was a game.

You're a cop: Should Jerri and her crew have gotten a warrant before digging through Kel's bag? I knew that beef jerky [accusation] was more like bull jerky.... Searching Kel's bag was totally out of bounds. Something that was left on the editing floor was the apology that both Keith and myself gave Kel for the conduct of the others.

Could you have lasted the whole time? When I got voted off, I felt I was getting stronger every day. I was nine days without a cigarette. They allowed me the nicotine patch.

Did you tell the producers, "Hey—no patch, no Mad Dog"? No. I'm done with menopause, and I'm on hormone replacement therapy, and I'd have even left *that* at home. I

wouldn't have known if I was having a hot flash or not because it was so hot there during the day.

OUSTED OUTBACKER #4 MITCHELL OLSON



Age 23 Occupation Singer/songwriter (and EW temp) from Union City, N.J. **Tribe** Ogakor **Survivor trademark** The seven-footer's confessed weakness and hunger got him nixed, breaking up Jerri's kids.

Days before getting the boot 12

Where were you the day after your banishment show aired? We needed some filing done! Nobody had a clue [I'd be kicked off that week]. I knew my boss wasn't coming in until Tuesday, so I left her a note saying I'd be gone for a while [doing press].

What do you get asked more: "Who won *Survivor*?" or "Do you play basketball?" The basketball question is an everyday affair. All the *Survivor* thing does is when they ask who won, the next question is "Well, do you play basketball?" So it just makes it worse, really.

Here's some political advice: That whole "I'm drained" speech was not the best campaign to launch during the tiebreaker vote. I can't tell you how excited I was when I saw my name come up three times. I didn't have a clue that it was gonna happen, but it was good because I was hungry and ready.

You came off like Jerri's pawn—they did everything but add a whip-cracking sound effect when you mentioned her. It was hard to watch myself be portrayed that way.... It began during the Kel accusation, when I was like, "Well, she said she saw him with beef jerky and I believe her." There's more to it than that. But me and Jerri were very tight, and would have voted the same to the end.

Everybody kicked off says, "It was a game, I didn't take it personally." Come on—don't you ever think, Those rat bastards! That happened three days after I left. When I was back to feeling normal, I was like, "I can't believe they voted me out!" I did have a hard time talking to Colby and Tina afterwards, but I have since and they felt terrible and apologized.

Maralyn said you two sang together at night. Have you thought of a *Big Guy and Mad Dog: Still Surviving!* road show? I think we could. Our tribe was having live concerts every single night, you just never got to see it. [Had it aired], it would've shown that I had more of a personality than just saying things like "Keith is bossy." ■

By TOM SINCLAIR

SHAGGY- ★ DELIC, BABY!

IT'S TWO DAYS BEFORE SUPER BOWL Sunday, and Tampa is in a tizzy of anticipation. Rabid football fans (along with hookers, bookies, and assorted other opportunists) have descended on the area, lending the town a gleeful Mardi Gras vibe. It doesn't matter if you don't know a New York Giant from the Jolly Green Giant—the hysteria is contagious.

Amid the mania, non-sports fan and visiting pop luminary Shaggy, in town to tape an appearance for MTV's *Rock 'N Jock*, has caught the fever. He's also suffering from the chills, stomach problems, and a general feeling of malaise, but he's got work to do. So when the time comes for him to crawl out of his trailer and perform his hit "It Wasn't Me" in front of a horde of teens at Raymond James Stadium, he shrugs off his sickness, trots on stage, and gets down to business.

MTV has corralled the Tampa Bay Buccaneers cheerleaders to act as backing booty-shakers and hired the Bethune-Cookman College marching band to provide a booming instrumental coda to the bawdy tune (which advises those caught flagrante delicto to borrow a page from Bill "I Never Had Sex With That Woman" Clinton's book). Shaggy and Ricardo "RikRok" Ducent, featured vocalist on and cowriter of "It Wasn't



MON OVERBOARD! WITH THE BLUNT AND NAUGHTY



HIT "IT WASN'T ME," POP-REGGAE SENSATION **SHAGGY** CRUISES TO THE TOP OF THE CHARTS

Me,” stamp their personas indelibly on the proceedings, exuding energy and charisma like the de facto superstars they’ve recently become.

The MTV crew tapes two takes, then Shaggy is outta there, professing uninterest in the fun, food, and festivities on tap. He’s got a hot date—with a bed and a vial of antibiotics.

THERE HASN’T BEEN A MAJOR REGGAE SUPERSTAR since Bob Marley. Not really. As Shaggy (né Orville Richard Burrell), 32, points out: “If you look at reggae and dancehall artists in general, there isn’t really a big success story. A Shabba Ranks or a Yellowman might have a hit, but there’s never a follow-up. There’s no consistency.”

Shaggy, who divides his time between a home in Jamaica and one in Valley Stream, Long Island, is in the process of changing that. In fact, with his current quadruple-platinum album, the aptly titled *Hotshot*, having nestled at the top of the *Billboard* pop chart, some might argue that he’s already accomplished his goal of reintroducing the mainstream to reggae. It’s a dream the Jamaica native—who can articulate with the gravitas of James Earl Jones or slip into an impossible-to-parse rude-boy patois at will—has been working toward since he arrived in Brooklyn, at the age of 18.

After launching his career with a couple of local dancehall hits, he joined the Marines just in time for the Gulf War. By the time he returned to civilian life in the early ’90s, a deal with Virgin Records was in the offing. In short order, the single “Oh Carolina” became the calling card for his first album, 1993’s *Pure Pleasure*. Two years later, he scored a hit with “Boombastic,” from the CD of the same name, which won a Grammy for Best Reggae Album in ’96. His upward momentum hit a snag, however, with 1997’s *Midnite Lover*, a commercial flop that Shaggy believes led to his being dropped by Virgin. The label’s vice president of A&R Gemma Corfield says: “His third album wasn’t successful, and much to my chagrin [Virgin] cut him loose when they decided to do roster trimming”—a decision she now admits was “terrible.”

Shaggy is even more emphatic: “It was a slap in the face.” The stinging sensation didn’t last long, however. Shortly after Shaggy parted with Virgin, MCA Records asked him to do some promotional work for “Luv Me, Luv Me,” a tune he’d recorded with Janet Jackson for the *How Stella Got Her Groove Back* soundtrack. “I did these radio station interviews in different markets,” says Shaggy, “and MCA saw that wherever Shaggy went, records got sold. So they asked me to do an album for them, and I said, Why not?”

Hotshot has now yielded a second hit: “Angel”—which improbably grafts Merrilee Rush’s starry-eyed 1968 ballad “Angel of the Morning” onto the bass line of Steve Miller’s 1973 stoner anthem “The Joker”—is moving rapidly up the singles chart.

Shaggy knows he’s in a position of strength (“How many artists do you know that get [sacked] by one label and come back three or four times bigger on another?”), and he intends to capitalize on it by building an empire. He’s already started a label, Big Yard, for which his cohorts and fellow West Indian homeboys RikRok and Rayvon (a.k.a. Bruce Brewster, who shares vocal chores with Shaggy on “Angel”) are both working on solo albums. All three are under the aegis of Shaggy’s longtime manager, Robert Livingston, who believes the time is right for “happy reggae-type sounds” to take over the airwaves.

“When you’ve got good, danceable songs that make people feel good, anything is possible,” says Livingston.

Not everyone is dancing for joy, though. Some reggae purists take a dim view of Shaggy’s music, dismissing it as a pop bastardization of the real stuff—more smooth boy than rude boy. And he readily admits he’s no Rasta: Though his sobriquet derives from the shaggy-dog hairstyle he wore in his youth, he’s never sported dreadlocks and he has no interest in spreading the Gospel According to Haile Selassie.

“I’ve been criticized for doing so-called crossover music,” Shaggy says. “But I never claimed to be a pure dancehall artist. I just do what sounds good to me, and people seem to like it. I want to take it as far as I can.”

“We really hope to emulate the Latin music [explosion],” seconds

RikRok. “[Latin music] wasn’t popular until they diluted it a bit and made it possible for the average non-Latino person to understand it. Hopefully, we can do that with reggae and dancehall.”

If the cultural co-option of reggae is inevitable, Shaggy is more than happy to lead the pack. He’s certainly a new type of reggae archetype, one who rarely smokes ganja, either socially or sacramentally (“If someone gives me a blunt, I just thank them and give it to someone who smokes”), and has no political agenda beyond getting what’s due him and his. “Right now, I want to concentrate on helping RikRok and Rayvon with their albums,” he says. “My own [next album] can wait. Anyway, I think *Hotshot* is gonna carry us through next year.” He pauses. “Way through next year.” ■



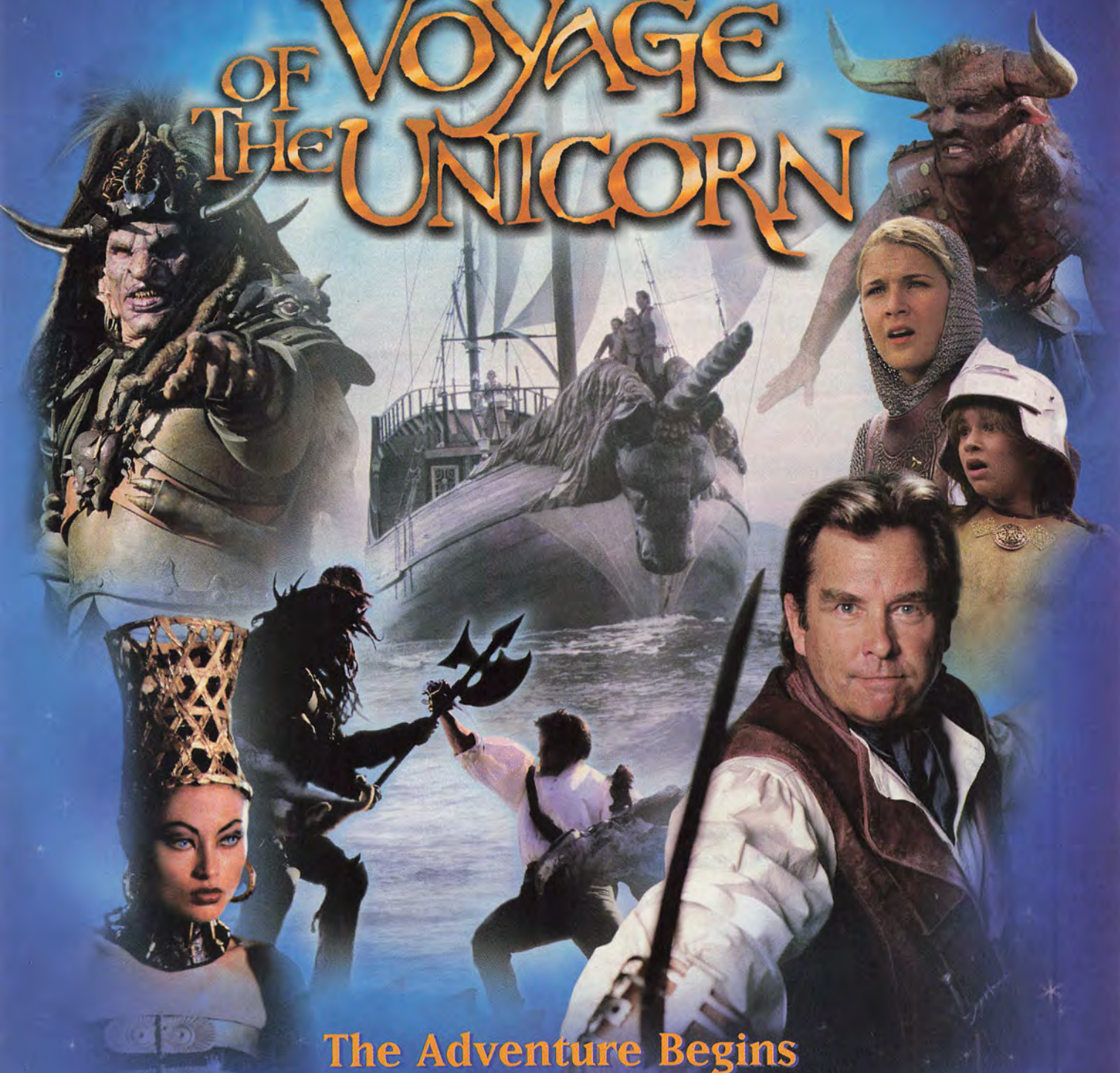
ALL ABOUT 'ME' (1) Shaggy, left, with RikRok in the “It Wasn’t Me” video, and (2) taping *Rock ‘N’ Jock*

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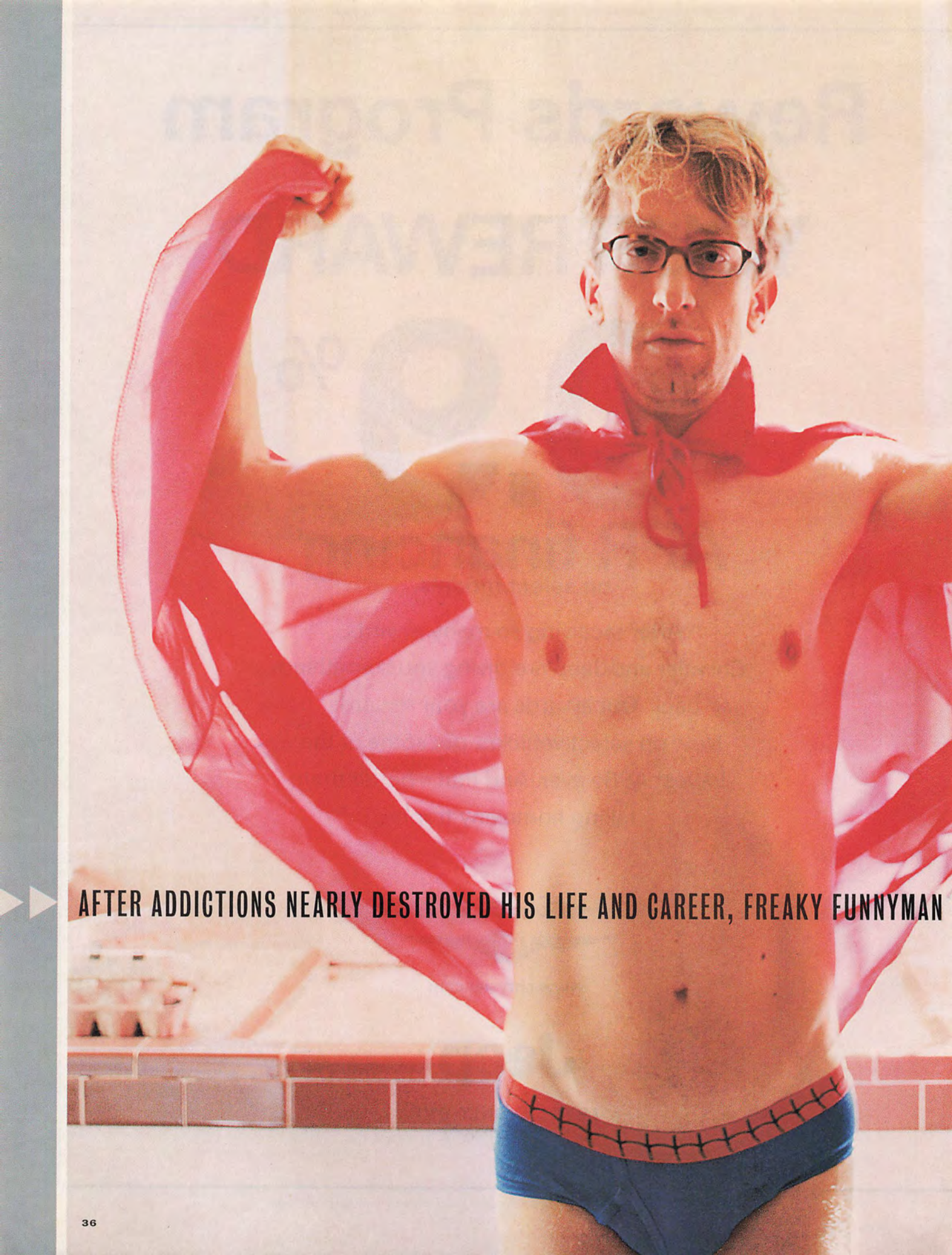


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AFTER ADDICTIONS NEARLY DESTROYED HIS LIFE AND CAREER, FREAKY FUNNYMAN



"I'VE ALWAYS WANTED ONE FOR Christmas," confides Andy Dick in a cowboy twang, petting the bald head of the 35-inch-tall man who's napping across his lap. "Ever since I was 5 years old, I asked my parents for a midget. Never did get one. But I understand. I was too young to take care of it.... Plus, we didn't have the yard for it." • If only we were making this stuff up. And it's worse than you think. See, MTV has given the notoriously nutty actor his own show, and the result on this mid-January afternoon in L.A. is a sketch ominously titled "Midget Wrangler." Sporting a denim shirt, scorpion belt buckle, and wispy mullet, Dick has transformed himself into a horrifying hick who supervises little people on Hollywood sets but treats them like animals. Crew members stifle giggles as the

TRICKY

dick

ANDY DICK FIGHTS BACK WITH A TRIUMPHANTLY TASTELESS MTV COMEDY SERIES

BY DAN SNIERSON

PHOTOGRAPH BY ALISON DYER

camera rolls: See Dick corral irritated dwarfs into a hay-lined farm pen containing troughs of Cheez Doodles. See Dick feverishly work a hand clicker to cue a little person dressed as a leprechaun to dance a jig. And in between takes, see the former sitcom star switch effortlessly into director mode—"Can we move their water bowl over here?"—while befriending the surprisingly cooperative mini-thespians. Sighs a writer watching the action, "We're going to hell."

Just wait until the Big Guy Upstairs gets wind of "Anus and Andy," a demented children's show segment featuring a flatulent sock puppet. Or, scarier yet, "I'm Getting a Penis Enlargement." As the latest face on MTV's Mount Rushmore of Ridiculousness (*The Tom Green Show*, *Jackass*), *The Andy Dick Show*, premiering Feb. 27, promises a weekly barrage of high jinks and twisted characters (see Polaroids) that will likely have Sen. Joseph Lieberman white-knuckling his remote. But what else would you expect from Andy Dick, a guy whose career highlights include refining the art of the dazed TV sidekick as neurotic nerd Matthew on *NewsRadio*; shedding his clothes in public; performing a stage show that portrayed him being dry humped by an intoxicated obese man; and partying himself into rehab after driving his car into a pole?

"I don't really know what the f--- we're doing," says Dick during a break in his dressing room. "Every day I say this phrase 10 times: 'Each script is just a jumping-off place.'... Either we're jumping into a big pile of funny or just an empty vat of silent, creepy death."

A sly smile spreads across his face: "And that's exactly how I like it."

IT'S THE SUNDAY NIGHT AFTER A GRUELING first week of production, and Dick is relaxing at his Spanish-style duplex in L.A. Two cats snooze by the living-room fireplace. His 21-year-old girlfriend, Lisa, is curled up on a nearby couch. Dressed in a sweater, cords, and glasses, Dick, 35, sits cross-legged in a giant leather chair. (So much for that "Andy Dick is wearing a diaper while wrestling twin strippers in his bedroom" scene...) "I slept so much today," he says. "I forgot what it was like to work like that. In fact, I don't ever remember working like that before...." He rubs

his face and sighs. "I'm thirty-f---ing-five. That's old, it really is. I can't believe I even *made* it to 35."

No argument here. To properly unspool Dick's fantastic tales would require a five-part edition of *E! True Hollywood Story* (a franchise, by the way, he deftly spoofs in his new show). He was adopted by a Navy officer and a homemaker—both of whom died of cancer (his dad in 1987; his mom in 1997)—and was frequently transplanted as a kid. He took improv classes at Chicago's famed Second City before moving to L.A. in 1990 and grooming his outlandish shtick—which included a Christian character saddled with a Tourette's-like profanity streak. After landing a regular gig on Fox's sketch series *The Ben Stiller Show* in 1992, Dick scored his big breakthrough in 1995 with *NewsRadio*.

Yet with increasing fame came more partying—and a string of tragedies. In 1997, his friend/partner-in-crime Chris Farley died of a drug overdose, leading Dick to check into rehab in early 1998. But shortly after Dick's release, his mentor/*NewsRadio* castmate Phil Hartman was murdered, sending him back into a drugs-and-alcohol haze. "I was drinking beer like water," he recalls. "I'd wake up, smoke pot, and never stop smoking pot all day."

In February 1999, a drunken, emotionally ragged Andy was nearly booed off the stage at a University of North Florida stand-up gig for pummeling the audience with vulgarity. The following month, he hit Las Vegas with a new acquaintance, *Suddenly Susan* actor David Strickland. The two parted ways after a strip-club stop—and the troubled Strickland later hanged himself in his hotel room. "You think that would have made anybody stop drinking immediately, but I couldn't deal with it," he says softly. "I actually went a little insane. Spun *way* out of control... That was just one too many deaths for me."

For Hollywood, too. Dick was suddenly labeled the Angel of Death. "It bothered me, but it wasn't at the top of the list," he says. "Just trying to stay alive was up there." Soon after, concerned friends, including Dick's *NewsRadio* costar Vicki Lewis, attempted an intervention. "It was during a rehearsal for my one-man show," he recalls.



Midget Wrangler



Tom Green



Lyle

"They sat me down and said, 'Things are getting out of control.' And I went, 'You know what? I appreciate what you're saying, but are we done rehearsing? Because if we are—*buh-bye*.' Then I went straight to a liquor store, bought a six-pack of Rolling Rock, and drank it as fast as I could."

Denial and defiance finally met their match that May: After another night of excess, Dick lost control of his Nissan Altima in Hollywood and crashed into a pole. As he exited the scene—trying to call for help, he maintains—he was detained by a witness. "It was a relief, in a way," he reflects. "When I was sitting on the curb and the police were arriving, I thought, 'Good. This whole stupid game I've been playing with my life is over.' I needed a strong hand of discipline. And I had the strong hand of the law pretty much shoved up my a--."

Dick was jailed for a few hours, then later charged with DUI and possession of cocaine and marijuana. Shortly after the arrest, he returned to rehab for a soul-trying 30 days: "I threw chairs against windows and packed my bags a number of times and sat on my bed waiting for the taxi to come." The taxi never came, but sobriety did. And after months of AA meetings and counseling, Dick began rebuilding. He scored a regular role as an unbalanced drama teacher on NBC's upcoming sitcom *Go Fish*. Wanting to hone his directing skills, he helmed regional commercials for—we swear this is true—the Utah Transit Authority and Cache Valley Cheese. But what he really wanted to do was direct his own series. Enter a certain brash network. "Tom Green, Johnny Knoxville, Andy Dick—it all makes sense to me," says John Miller, MTV's exec in charge of production. "He's very witty. He's also outrageous. And he can be delightfully base at times. He works for us."

Lucky for Dick, because it's hard to imagine any broadcast-network exec greenlighting a sketch called "The Andy Dick Gingivitis Special," a riff on *The Tom Green Cancer Special* that features him being checked for testicular cancer—by his dentist. "There's a lot of nudity," Dick warns of his show, savoring the fact that MTV's pixellation experts will be working serious overtime. "I think my penis is going to have a separate credit." But just because cable allows a little more slack doesn't mean

Dick is lax about his craft. "The thing about Andy is that once he knows what he wants, he's dogged when it comes to getting it," says exec producer Jim Biederman (*The Tom Green Show*, *The Kids in the Hall*). "Even in his performances, you can see it. It's painful at times. But when he

knows he's on the edge of something, he will not let go until he gets it."

"His [public] persona overshadows how talented he is," adds pal and longtime coworker Ben Stiller. "I'd put him in the top echelon of funny people—Christopher Guest, Eugene Levy, Bill Murray.... He's so great at doing those ridiculous characters. I think he probably could do more, too, but who knows? That's up to him to figure out how he would define himself."

Right now, that would be summed up in one word: *sobriety*. The father of three—Lucas, 13, with ex-wife Ivone; Jacob, 6, and Meg, 3, with ex-girlfriend Lina Sved—says he's been clean for almost two years and will finish his probation for the drug charges this summer. (Last month, a judge termed his progress "excellent.") Says Lewis, "I think he's realizing now that he doesn't need to go through so many dark places to be brilliant." Still, in the wake of public relapses like Robert Downey Jr.'s, Dick knows "anything can happen. It just takes a second to say to myself, 'Hey, things weren't that bad. So I crashed a car. Everyone crashes cars.' If I don't work on my spiritual self, I will drink again."

Perhaps that's why even his cell-phone voice-mail message rings of optimism: "Hey, please leave a message and everything will be *okay*."

BACK IN MIDGET WRANGLER HELL, the hicked-up Dick is still cradling the little guy. "I hand-raised this one—that's why he's so tame," the wrangler drawls. When the camera stops, Dick helps him out of his lap and the small dude heads off.

"He was soooo cute," Dick coos later. "When we said 'Cut!' I gave him a little kiss on his bald head. Then I said, 'I'm sorry, I don't even know why I did that.' It was almost like saying 'Thanks for having a sense of humor and putting up with my bulls---.' He just smiled." One down—the rest of America to go. ■



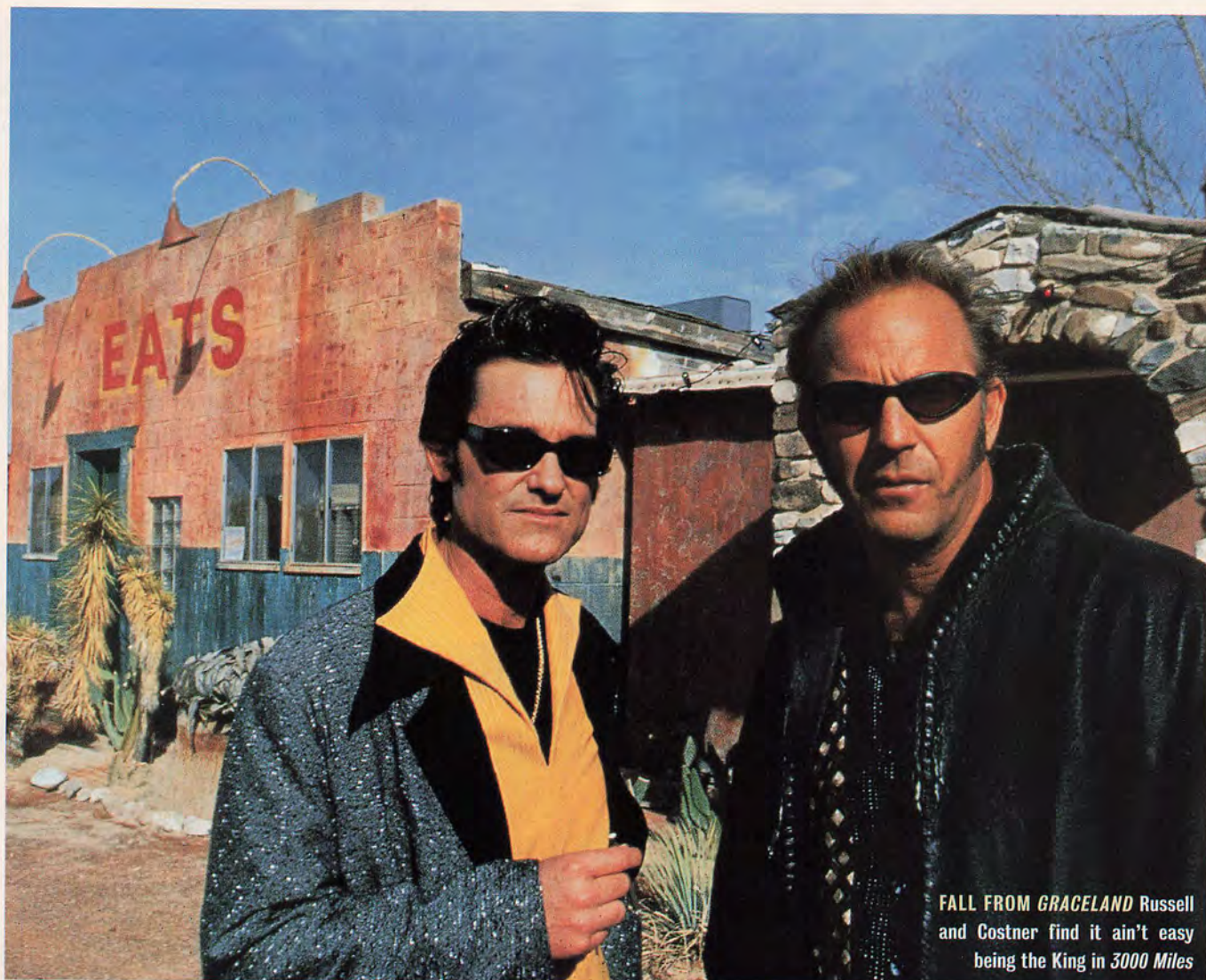
Marilyn Poppins



Boogie Man
BOOGIEMAN



Shanna Knecht
RECORD
Onk! Producer



FALL FROM GRACELAND Russell and Costner find it ain't easy being the King in *3000 Miles*

Blah Suede Shoes

The clichés fly as fast as the bullets in the gaudy casino-heist actioner *3000 Miles to Graceland*. by Owen Gleiberman

THERE ARE ANY NUMBER of pop songs that should probably be retired for all time from the movies (have you ever seen a period piece set in the swing-mad '40s that *didn't* feature "In the Mood"?), yet if I were forced to pick one song above all others that I would hope never, ever to encounter in a motion picture again, I think it would

have to be that obnoxious, faux-rebel white-boy-blues anthem "Bad to the Bone."

3000 Miles to Graceland does at least spare us the prefab grit of the George Thorogood version (he must live high off the royalties), but halfway through the movie, the damn song makes its

stutteringly monotonous and all too inevitable appearance, for what feels like the nine

thousandth time in 20 years, all as a way of underlining the bad-hearted, badass badness of a motorcycle gang. We get it: These guys are *bad*. To the bone. Bad like Marlon Brando in *The Wild*

3000 Miles to Graceland

STARRING
Kurt Russell
Kevin Costner
WARNER BROS.
RATED R
121 MINUTES

One? Actually, more like Patrick Swayze in *Road House*.

This is not, incidentally, the only done-unto-death cliché that dots *3000 Miles to Graceland*. Some of the others include: shots of skittery fast-moving clouds; a gas station that explodes, via dropped cigarette, into a fireball; anything and everything to do with Las Vegas; machine-gun-toting robbers who employ a campy pop disguise (in this case, they're Elvis impersonators); a 1959 fire engine-red Cadillac; a black bag crammed with wads of cash; soaring crane shots that fetishize the desolate Americana of a roadside pit-stop motel; the doom-chic name of that same motel (it's called the Last

Chance); a tough-loner hero (Kurt Russell) with a soft spot for kids; a sociopathic antihero (Kevin Costner) who would blow away his own mother to protect the loot; endless blood ballets of pow-zap editing, smashed glass, and slow-mo carnage; the very fact that we're watching—yes—another road movie.

I could go on, but the truth is that virtually nothing in *3000 Miles to Graceland* isn't a cliché. Shot for shot, line for line, the movie, directed by music-video and commercial veteran Demian Lichtenstein from a script he cowrote with Richard Recco, is almost scary in the blithe rhythmic zoom of its confidence, yet there's an eerie vacuum at its core. What's novel, or at least distinctive, is the Trojan horse

finesse with which it has all been packaged. Thanks to the title and the trailer, we go in thinking that we're going to see a canny B-movie throw-away steeped in the funky peacockery of Elvis worship, and what we get instead, from the moment that the robbers ditch their wigs and their glitter-king robes (roughly half an hour in), is the sort of mayhem-driven, inspired-by-a-script-from-Quentin's-bottom-drawer potboiler in which it's hard to know whether to consider the "snazzy" gunplay a respite from the "cool" quips or vice versa.

Costner, wearing wrap-around shades and sideburns that slither down his face like manta rays, showed a good instinct in wanting to play Murphy, a stone-cold killer

who dispatches innocent bystanders without a blink. But the role, as conceived, is too limited to let the actor tap any inner craziness. Costner's mellow narcissism shines right through the character's psycho edge. Russell, as the honorable loner Michael, who ends up facing off against Murphy, his former partner and prison cellmate, is at his most genial and lightweight, but Courteney Cox, as the lusty single mom who badgers him into letting her and her kid join him on the road, drops her urban-neurotic armor and gives her scenes a charge. For the first time, she seems a true movie star.

3000 Miles to Graceland tries to look at its performers with the antic affection that Jonathan Demme mustered in *Something Wild*, but nothing in

the movie is sharp enough—not the dialogue, not the double crosses. More scenes than not end up doused in an Armageddon of splattery gunfire. If I invoke Tarantino, it's not just because of the cheeky-violence factor but because we're watching a new breed of paradox: the studio version of an indie variation on kinetic studio trash. Essentially, *3000 Miles to Graceland* is the Jerry Bruckheimer aesthetic merged with the sun-spangled kitsch-in-the-desert cachet of movies like *El Mariachi* and *True Romance*, yet nothing in the film can match the crash-and-burn zig-zag bravura of the car chase that climaxed Bruckheimer's otherwise preposterous *Gone in 60 Seconds*. This is a high-octane ride that starts to leak gas before it even gets going. **C**

ReelWorld

News from Hollywood BY REBECCA ASCHER-WALSH

» WELL, HE WON'T BE DEMANDING A TRAILER...

Showing blatant disrespect, Oscar-nominated filmmaking partners **Ang Lee** and **James Schamus** have chosen to ignore our suggestion that **Ryan Phillippe** would make a very fine Hulk indeed. In fact, Schamus says the pair are considering skipping the casting process altogether, instead using CGI to create the title character of Lee's upcoming film. "If we do it, it's only because we believe that we can create a superhero/monster movie nobody has ever seen before," says Schamus, adding that the soonest we're likely to see the results is the summer of 2003. Even **Michael Jackson** wouldn't need that much time to develop his biceps.



THOMPSON



LEVY

» WHAT AUDIENCES WANT

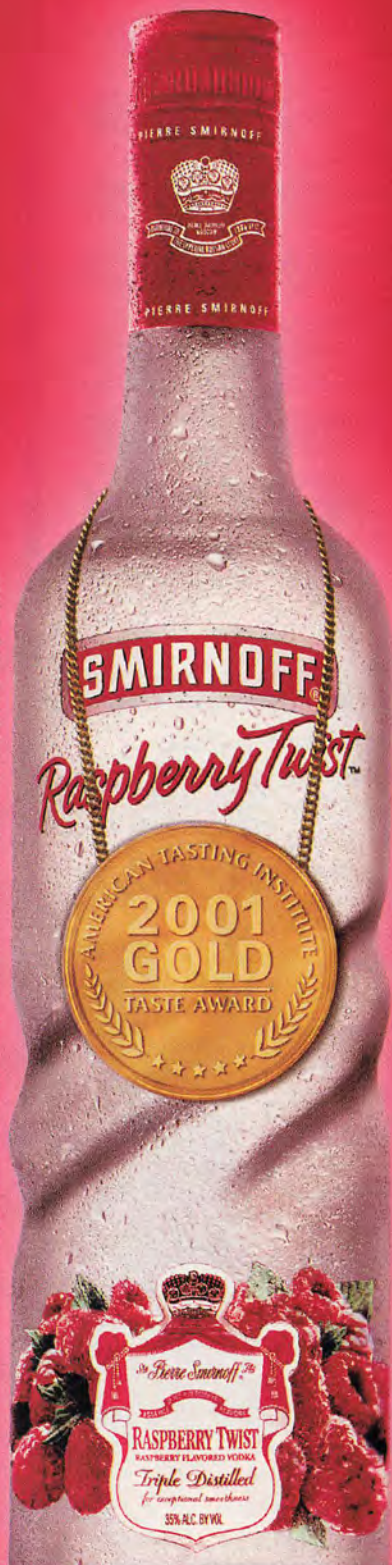
Director **Nancy Meyers** certainly figured it out: Her **Mel Gibson-Helen Hunt** hit, *What Women Want*, has so far grossed more than \$175 million domestically and is now the most successful female-helmed picture in history (**Betty Thomas'** *Dr. Dolittle*, which earned \$144 million, is second). In the wake of her success, "studios call, they say, 'Come on over,' and that's nice," says the modest Meyers. "Hopefully, I'll work again." But not right now: Meyers is sitting out the prestrike crush and heading to Europe instead, saying, "I haven't been out in two years."

» **FURTHERMORE** The **Weitz** brothers are negotiating with **Emma Thompson** to costar with **Hugh Grant** in *About a Boy*, the Nick Hornby novel adaptation that is now at Universal after being put into turnaround by New Line.... **Eugene Levy** and his *Waiting for Guffman* and *Best in Show* collaborator and director, **Christopher Guest**, will begin drumming up the story line for their third film next month. (Additional reporting by Cindy Pearlman, William Keck, and Jeff Jensen)



WOMEN ON TOP Hunt (right) and Meyers score

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TRY SOMETHING TWISTED
and do it responsibly



HEAVENLY BODIES An angelic Levy leads Rock through the pearly gates and back to Earth

Dead Man Joking

Chris Rock is pretty fly for a paunchy old white guy in *Down to Earth*, the Weitz brothers' remake of a classic reincarnation comedy

IN *Down to Earth*, CHRIS ROCK PLAYS Lance Barton, an aspiring stand-up comedian who doesn't yet trust the cutting edge of his own talent, and it's fun to see one of the sharpest, most fearless comics working today impersonate a flop. On an amateur night line-up at Harlem's illustrious Apollo Theatre, Lance, a New York City bike messenger by day, stares at the audience in terror, and blows his set. His well-earned nickname, it turns out, is "Boo-ey," and in demonstrating what failure looks like, in fiction, Rock, who can in fact nail a crowd—*blam!*—with his fearless observations about race and class, struts what makes him a star.

Lance's willingness to pick himself up and come back for more demonstrates a commitment that endears him not only to his manager and mentor, Whitney (Frankie Faison), but also to Higher Authorities: When Lance, mowed down on his bike, is dispatched to heaven ahead of schedule by an unreliable angel (Eugene Levy), the sincerity of the young man's plea for a reprieve long enough to get in one boo-less set back in Harlem impresses a celestial biggie, King (Chazz Palminteri). (That other celestial biggie, Bagger Vance, might have said the kid just needs to find his authentic

swing.) Thing is, Lance has got to return in a "loaner" body, and the best chassis available at the moment belongs to an old white plutocrat. To us and to himself, Lance continues to look like slim, black Rock, who can say tough stuff about race; to the rest of the world, he suddenly appears as a lardy white guy who suspiciously happens to know all the words to DMX's "Ruff Ryders' Anthem."

Directed by *American Pie* brothers Chris and Paul Weitz and written by Rock and his trusted collaborators Lance Crouther, Ali LeRoi, and Louis C.K., this rejigging of Warren Beatty's signature 1978 comedy

Heaven Can Wait (which in turn was rejigged from Alexander Hall's great 1941 comedy *Here Comes Mr. Jordan*) isn't as divinely constructed a movie as its forebears. A color-blind romance between Lance and an impassioned community activist (Regina King) is particularly awkward, the more so when we're reminded that to

those around him, Lance looks like Mr. Whipple the Charmin-squeezer. But there's something devilishly right about Rock pounding on Beatty, who fancied himself a black rapper in *Bulworth*. When Rock finds his authentic swing as an actor as well as a comedian, he'll be, like, a movie god. **B-**—Lisa Schwarzbaum

Down to Earth

STARRING
Chris Rock
Regina King
PARAMOUNT
RATED PG-13
88 MINUTES

To Die For

The Widow of Saint-Pierre is a moving look at capital punishment

A BLEAK ISLAND OFF THE CANADIAN coast encompasses the world in the grave, impassioned miniature epic **The Widow of Saint-Pierre**. The people of this tiny French outpost live by rules and manners in the mid-19th century; then those rules are challenged by a jailer (Daniel Auteuil), the wife he loves (Juliette Binoche), and a murderer (Bosnian director Emir Kusturica, remarkable in his first major acting role) who, having killed a man during a brawl, reforms under the couple's compassionate care. The consequences are as harsh as the wind battering Saint-Pierre's rocky coastline, and as inevitable.

It only sounds simple, this tragic drama about the death penalty among people familiar with the chopping block. (The French nicknamed their guillotine *la veuve*—the widow—giving the film's title added weight.) In fact, as he did in *Ridicule*, French director Patrice Leconte offers a profound

study of sincerity and hypocrisy, liberated by the cover of historical panoply he so lovingly re-creates—the romance of long skirts and army officers' smart uniforms—to ask timeless, hard questions about human behavior.

The subtle selectivity of Leconte's eye, how he moves with great control from gesture to gesture, is matched by the disciplined intensity of the performances—particularly that of the physically expressive Auteuil, who, with his galvanizing gaze, creates a jail captain as complex as Saint-Pierre's capital punishment laws are blunt. Even in junk like *The Eighth Day* Auteuil is classy; working again with Leconte (who directed him in the swoony love story *Girl on the Bridge*), he's spectacular. **A-**—LS



WIDOW MAKERS Auteuil and Binoche look out for a friend

The Widow of Saint-Pierre

STARRING
Juliette Binoche
Daniel Auteuil
LIONS GATE
RATED R
108 MINUTES

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	EW READERS www.ew.com/criticmass	JAMI BERNARD Nightline/Synopsis	MIKE CLARK Los Angeles Times	JOANNA CONNORS Cleveland Plain Dealer	ROGER EBERT Chicago Sun Times	RITA KEMPLEY The Washington Post	LIAM LACEY Toronto Globe and Mail	TODD MCCARTHY Philadelphia Inquirer	CARRIE RICEY The Miami Herald	RENE RODRIGUEZ Entertainment Weekly	CRITICS' AVERAGE
Hannibal	B-	C+	D+	C-	C+	F	C	B-	C+	B+	C
The Pledge	C+	B+	B	B+	B+	C-	B	B	B	B-	B
Pollock	A-	A-	B-	-	A	-	-	B	B	B	B+
Recess: School's Out	C-	-	C-	-	C+	-	C	D	B	-	C
Save the Last Dance	B	C	D	B-	B+	C	B-	B	C+	C	C+
Saving Silverman	C+	D	-	C-	D-	D	C	-	C	-	D+
Snatch	B+	C+	-	B+	C	B-	B+	C+	C	B+	B-
Sweet November	B-	D	D-	D-	D	-	C	C+	D	D	D+
The Wedding Planner	B-	D	D	C+	C	C-	B-	-	B-	C	C
Valentine	C	-	D	-	-	-	D-	-	F	D	D-

Critical Mass Movie Poll: Grade the movies yourself at www.ew.com (AOL Keyword: EW)

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and do it responsibly

The Week

Reviews by OWEN GLEIBERMAN and LISA SCHWARZBAUM

>> New Releases

SIGNS & WONDERS ♦ (Strand, 108 mins., unrated) The title makes it sound as innocent as a PBS children's special, but Jonathan Nossiter's second feature (after the intricate and haunting *Sunday*) strikes unnerving chords of mystery and dismay as it fuses the sinister, jump-cut dislocations of a metaphysical thriller like *Don't Look Now* with a pain-soaked meditation on love, guilt, marriage, and adultery. Stellan Skarsgård, in a performance that seems to extend the middle-aged crack-up of his character in *Time Code*, is the expatriate businessman who betrays his wife (Charlotte Rampling), through a compound series of lies, with his younger lover (Deborah Kara Unger) and then tries to manipulate his way back into the bosom of his family. Nossiter, filming in Athens and its spectacular surrounding vistas, gets more trippy portentous atmosphere out of digital video than most directors do out of film, yet he weaves such a top-heavy latticework of "signs" and omens that the film's fragile love rectangle is all but overwhelmed by the filmmaker's dissection of it. That said, his somberly dazzling technique, put to the right use, could make him a Hitchcock of intimate dysfunction. **B** —OG

>> In Theaters

BEFORE NIGHT FALLS ♦ (133 mins., R) Julian Schnabel's lyrical and wounding biographical epic may be the first dramatic feature to take

us deep inside the crumbling fortress of Fidel Castro's Cuba. As the gay novelist and poet Reinaldo Arenas, who became a prisoner of the Castro regime, Javier Bardem gives a marvelous and moving performance. The film zigzags before us in a manner as heady and unpredictable as it must have felt to the man who lived it. **A** (#577, Jan. 12) —OG

BILLY ELLIOT ♦ (100 mins., R) An inspirational Brit-prole dance fable about a young boy (Jamie Bell, in an electric performance), the son of a coal miner, who finds unlikely self-expression in the ballet studio. **B-** (#564, Oct. 20) —OG

CAST AWAY ♦ (132 mins., PG-13) Tom Hanks towers in Robert Zemeckis' epic, an existential meditation about men and love and loneliness and survival—and a FedEx employee (Hanks) who loses track of time when his plane crashes near a South Seas island. **A-** (#573, Dec. 15) —LS

CHOCOLAT ♦ (121 mins., PG-13) To resist this Euro-synthetic confection is not worth the principle, since, unless you're allergic to sugar or butterfat, it's as fudge-y as advertised. Juliette Binoche stars as a luscious stranger who blows into a pinched, pious 1950s French village and sets up shop making chocolate confections that arouse the gentry to a "shocking" preference for pleasure over abstinence. **B-** (#573, Dec. 15) —LS



THE MAN WHO CAME TO DINNER Hopkins aims to feast in *Hannibal*

CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON ♦ (119 mins., PG-13) The thrilling fight sequences in this superb historical and romantic saga are guaranteed to elicit applause. Ang Lee's triumphant Hong Kong-style martial-arts flick stars Chow Yun-Fat and Michelle Yeoh as warriors who share an unspoken love; Zhang Ziyi makes a dazzling prodigy. **A** (#572, Dec. 8) —LS

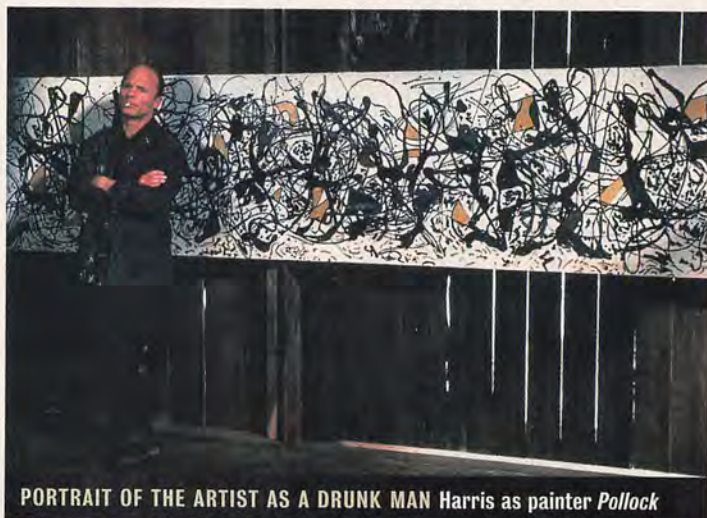
FAITHLESS ♦ (142 mins., R) The second film Liv Ullmann has directed from a script by Ingmar Bergman is a searing close-up epic of adultery. Marianne (Lena Endre), a serenely willful actress, destroys the affectionate and sensual haven of her marriage by commencing an affair with the couple's good friend (Krister Henriksson). Bergman homes in on the terrifying hidden design of adultery—the way its very destructiveness can fulfill a couple's secret need to tear at and caress each other's wounds. **A-** (#582, Feb. 16) —OG

doesn't mean we aren't rooting for him. Lecter and Clarice Starling (Julianne Moore), who's like his private combination of Inspector Javert and Dante's Beatrice, spend the film tracking each other's moves, and the result is a kind of *Silence in Seattle*. **B+** (#582, Feb. 16) —OG

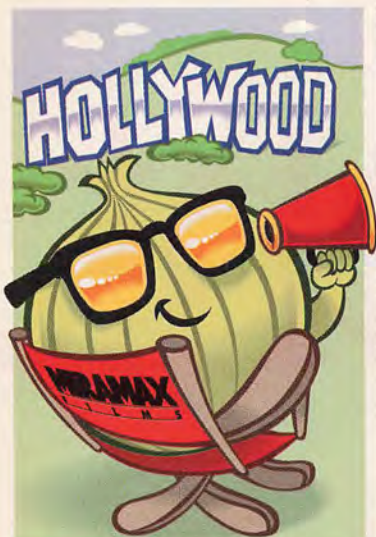
POLLOCK ♦ (117 mins., R) The casting of Ed Harris as Jackson Pollock is so right as to seem inevitable: the virile baldness, the stare of silent challenge, the way that Harris' Pollock wields a cigarette like a throw-away extension of his will. The painting scenes are everything you hope for; yet *Pollock*, which Harris also directed, is ultimately a quasi-satisfying, half-realized vision. The movie offers some juicy insider glimpses of the New York art world—Amy Madigan has a chin-rattling zest as Peggy Guggenheim—but once Pollock settles into the private war between creativity and alcohol that would destroy him, the contours of his demons remain not so much enigmatic as blankly out of reach. **B** (#583/584, Feb. 23) —OG

QUILLS ♦ (125 mins., R) As the Marquis de Sade, Geoffrey Rush, wearing dirty white breeches and an even dirtier smile, makes a lewd and gleeful hambone jester. Philip Kaufman's film, unfortunately, turns this most radical and terrifying of writers into a kind of mad saint of *Masterpiece Theatre* porn. **B-** (#571, Dec. 1) —OG

RECESS: SCHOOL'S OUT ♦ (82 mins., G) Summer vacation—the ultimate recess—is the stage on which the familiar resourceful kids and dunderheaded adults of the popular children's TV cartoon



PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS A DRUNK MAN Harris as painter *Pollock*



WINNER OF THE WEEK

'The Onion'

The 12-year-old funny paper and source of the best-selling book *Our Dumb Century* signs a first-look picture deal with Miramax.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

Destination Films

After a little more than two years in business, the company responsible for *Drowning Mona*, *Whipped*, and *Beautiful* goes belly-up.

Disney's *Recess* play their assigned roles in this dinner-theater-quality feature-length animation, a square movie with little of the multigenerational pleasures of even *Recess*' artistic forbear *Rugrats*. **C** (#583/#584, Feb. 23) —LS

SAVING SILVERMAN ♦ (90 mins., PG-13) The raucous gross-out comedies of the Farrelly brothers are models of keen wit and compassionate humanism compared with the stinky meanness of this quote *comedy* unquote about a couple of doofuses intent on rescuing their doofus buddy (Jason Biggs) from marrying a hateful woman. Tragically, this rotten production makes even Steve Zahn and Jack Black look bad. **F** (#582, Feb. 16) —LS

SHADOW OF THE VAMPIRE ♦ (89 mins., R) E. Elias Merhige's kicky, elaborately constructed

fantasy is both an homage to F.W. Murnau's 1922 silent horror classic *Nosferatu* and a high-spirited meditation on the correlation between bloodsucking and filmmaking. **B+** (#577, Jan. 12) —LS

SNATCH ♦ (104 mins., R) Guy Ritchie's second faux-tough comic crime caper is modeled on his first, *Lock, Stock and Two Smoking Barrels*: A bunch of blokes kill each other (this time in the course of a jewel heist), with much "funny" violence and no consequences. Brad Pitt brightens every scene he's in as an Irish-Gypsy bare-knuckles boxer. **C** (#579/580, Jan. 26/Feb. 2) —LS

SWEET NOVEMBER ♦ (118 mins., PG-13) A bad remake of a bad 1968 movie about a capital-K-Kooky woman (Charlize Theron) who volunteers to cure a workaholic man (Keanu Reeves) by devoting herself to him for a month, only to have him fall in love with her while she turns out to be hiding a mysterious, terminal ailment. And what was a sugar pill of a love story then is an expired prescription now. Guess what's new about the nurturing neighbor (Jason Isaacs) downstairs? Yep, he's gay! **D** (#583/#584, Feb. 23) —LS

TRAFFIC ♦ (147 mins., R) Steven Soderbergh's epic drama about the futility of the drug war has a tingly panoramic excitement. The brilliant cast includes Michael Douglas as the new U.S. drug czar, Benicio Del Toro as a Tijuana cop with torn loyalties, and Catherine Zeta-Jones, who creates what may be the most lived-in portrayal of ruthless familial loyalty since Al Pacino in *The Godfather*. **A** (#576, Jan. 5) —OG

THE WEDDING PLANNER ♦ (100 mins., PG-13) An out-of-date 1950s romantic comedy about a career gal (Jennifer Lopez, afraid to get mugged) who works hard planning other people's weddings but can't find a husband of her own. **C** (#581, Feb. 9) —LS

YOU CAN COUNT ON ME ♦ (111 mins., R) Kenneth Lonergan's beautiful, compassionate, articulate drama is about a brother and sister (Mark Ruffalo and Laura Linney) whose sibling bonds overcome very different approaches to adult life. **A** (#569, Nov. 17) —LS

More reviews at www.ew.com
(AOL Keyword: EW)

BOX OFFICE



EARTH QUAKE Regina King and Chris Rock got heaven-sent box office

OH, GOODY GOODY

DR. LECTER BRAINED THE COMPETITION AGAIN AS *Hannibal* gobbled up a piggish \$33.5 million and flew past the \$100 million mark. Meanwhile, *Down to Earth* proved anything but, posting a heavenly \$20 million opening that helped push overall box office to an 8.8 percent increase over last year's Presidents' Day weekend. In third place, *Recess: School's Out* used its \$13.5 million worth of popularity to get picked first for kickball over the week's other major opening—the Charlize Theron-Keanu Reeves weepie *Sweet November* (\$11 million). And riding dreams of little gold men, several movies enjoyed Oscar-nomination bumps: *Crouching Tiger* sprang to \$10.5 million, *Traffic* piled up \$7.5 million, and *Chocolat* scarfed down \$5.7 million, an 85 percent increase over its last (pre-nom) weekend take.

TOP 20

		WEEKEND GROSS*	NO. OF SITES	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS TO DATE
1	HANNIBAL MGM	\$33.5	3,238	\$10,346	2	\$107.4
2	DOWN TO EARTH Paramount	\$20.0	2,521	\$7,944	1	\$20.0
3	RECESS: SCHOOL'S OUT Walt Disney	\$13.5	2,624	\$5,128	1	\$13.5
4	SWEET NOVEMBER Warner Bros.	\$11.0	2,268	\$4,857	1	\$11.0
5	CROUCHING TIGER, HIDDEN DRAGON Sony Pictures Classics	\$10.5	1,651	\$6,337	11	\$73.2
6	TRAFFIC USA Films	\$7.5	1,742	\$4,305	8	\$80.0
7	THE WEDDING PLANNER Columbia	\$6.7	2,354	\$2,850	4	\$47.0
8	CHOCOLAT Miramax	\$5.7	1,481	\$3,828	10	\$34.1
9	CAST AWAY 20th Century Fox	\$5.4	2,243	\$2,408	9	\$216.9
10	SAVING SILVERMAN Columbia	\$4.8	2,467	\$1,951	2	\$14.2
11	SAVE THE LAST DANCE Paramount	\$4.0	2,052	\$1,933	6	\$79.8
12	O BROTHER, WHERE ART THOU? Touchstone	\$3.3	847	\$3,906	9	\$25.4
13	FINDING FORRESTER Columbia	\$2.0	1,130	\$1,776	9	\$47.6
14	SNATCH Columbia	\$1.6	603	\$2,662	11	\$27.5
15	VALENTINE Warner Bros.	\$1.6	1,605	\$982	3	\$19.0
16	WHAT WOMEN WANT Paramount	\$1.5	984	\$1,548	10	\$177.8
17	MISS CONGENIALITY Warner Bros.	\$1.4	1,074	\$1,332	9	\$102.4
18	THIRTEEN DAYS New Line	\$1.2	603	\$1,914	8	\$32.2
19	THE EMPEROR'S NEW GROOVE Walt Disney	\$1.1	873	\$1,287	10	\$84.9
20	THE PLEDGE Warner Bros.	\$0.9	648	\$1,370	5	\$18.9

SOURCE: ACNIELSEN EDI, INC. WEEKEND OF FEB. 16-18. *WEEKEND GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS
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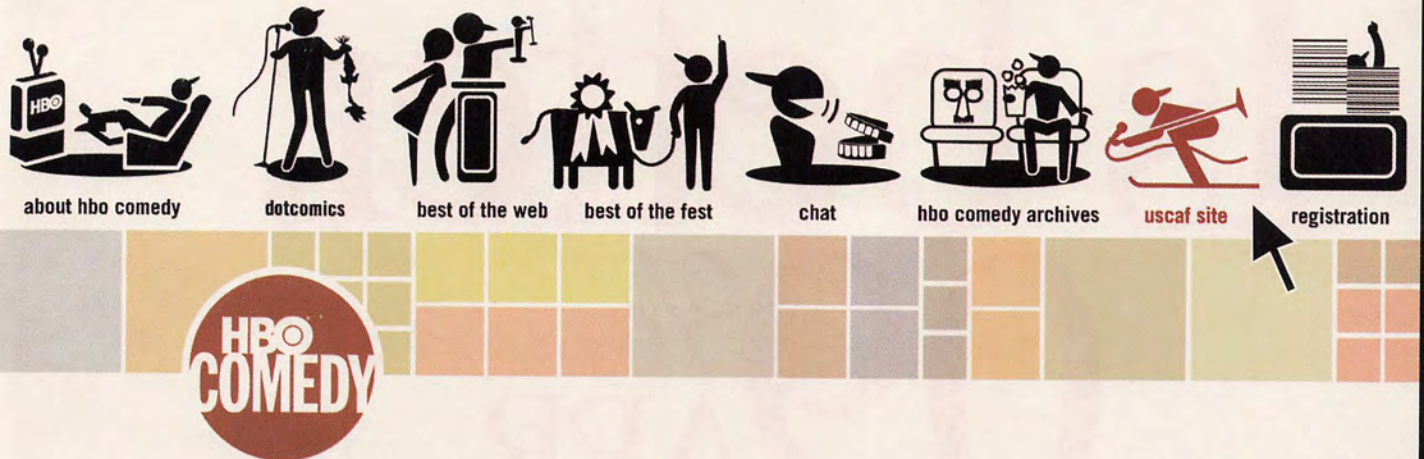
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VIDEO What to Watch

A comprehensive guide to what's new on tape and DVD—blockbusters, classic picks, genre flicks, and much more



JOKER'S WILD The Original Kings of Comedy hold court on stage

Gag Reflexes

The Original Kings of Comedy and The Queens of Comedy aren't quite laughing matters. by Troy Patterson

EASILY AS RAW AS EDDIE Murphy's old routines, but hardly half as delirious, **The Original Kings of Comedy**—Spike Lee's crossover hit of a stand-up concert film—is profane but not provocative. Its stars each work the same terrain: gags (gentle and gratingly lame) about race, and coarse bits about sex, parenting, and poverty. Sometimes these are resonant low-down blues; sometimes they're just low—bordering on the crudeness that Lee decried as minstrelsy last year in *Bamboozled*.

The problem comes into stark relief in **The Queens of Comedy**, a distaff version that might as well be called *How*

Stella Got Her #@! Back*. The performers try both to foster a vibe of sisterly respect and to talk about the sex act in the least self-respectful way possible.

Mo'Nique, the portly costar of UPN's *The Parkers*, riffs at length on the sexual superiority of "fat bitches." Is this in the tradition of the great Moms Mabley? Sure. Does it rise to the sophistication of *Married... With Children*? Rarely. So who's the joke on? **Kings: B— Queens: C—**

WHAT WE SAID THEN:

"...the jokes [in *Kings*] ultimately pile up into an orgy of racial generalities." **B—** (#555/556, August 18/25, 2000) —Owen Gleiberman

The Original Kings of Comedy

2000

PARAMOUNT
115 MINUTES
RATED R
ALSO ON DVD

The Queens of Comedy

2001

PARAMOUNT
79 MINUTES
RATED R
ALSO ON DVD

NEW TO DVD

DO THE RIGHT THING ♦ (1989, Criterion, 120 mins., R, \$39.98)

The most important work from a black filmmaker in the last 25 years, Spike Lee's heated exploration of race on a summer's day throbs with frustration in every frame, and this two-disc set provides an intriguing insight into a man and his message. We get to see: footage from an early read-through of the script, where young actors like John Turturro and Giancarlo Esposito assert their legitimacy in a cast toplined by veterans Danny Aiello and Ossie Davis; behind-the-scenes footage; the Cannes film festival press conference at which Lee defended his film to an international throng of journalist; Lee's recent journey back to the Brooklyn locations; and some newly recorded examinations by Lee of the film's critical reception. But the film itself is the star of this package, and the new anamorphic widescreen transfer jumps with pungent color. Lee's occasionally mannered style clicks here in a way it hasn't in any of his other films; the movie paints every character in a sweltering coat of blame and challenges us to confront the absence of answers in the search to find out why we can't all get along. **A** —Marc Bernardin

DR. STRANGELOVE: OR, HOW I LEARNED TO STOP WORRYING AND LOVE THE BOMB—SPECIAL EDITION ♦ (1964, Columbia TriStar, 90 mins., PG, \$29.95)

This eagerly awaited edition of one of Stanley Kubrick's most enduring films isn't so "special" after all. Because the film itself hasn't changed, its distributor has attempted to spice things up with two so-so documentaries plus a few marketing stills and trailers. There's virtually nothing in these "behind-the-scenes" looks that hasn't already appeared in many Kubrick books and biographies, but the disc's failure to perform isn't entirely the fault of its creators: Most of the film's major players (Kubrick, Peter Sellers, George C. Scott, and cowriter Terry Southern) are no longer around to provide commentary tracks. Despite this package's shortcomings, serious *Strangelove* fans may want to pick up the disc for the amusing and illuminating interviews with the film's visual artists, such as Pablo Ferro (responsible for the opening title sequence) and production designer Ken Adam, who created the infamous War Room to "give the impression that the 26 characters sitting around this table are involved in a gigantic poker game for the fate of the world." **B—**Anna Holmes



'DO THE RIGHT THING'

THE YEAR'S MOST POPULAR ARTISTS

GRAMMY NOMINEES 2001



RECORD OF THE YEAR

Destiny's Child
Macy Gray
Madonna
★**NSYNC**
U2

ALBUM OF THE YEAR

Beck
Eminem
Radiohead
Paul Simon
Steely Dan

BEST FEMALE POP VOCAL PERFORMANCE

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Macy Gray
Madonna
Aimee Mann
Joni Mitchell
Britney Spears

BEST POP PERFORMANCE BY A DUO OR GROUP WITH VOCAL

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Barenaked Ladies
The Corrs
★**NSYNC**
Steely Dan

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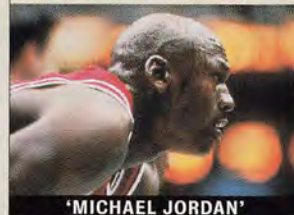
DOCUMENTARY

MICHAEL JORDAN TO THE MAX

(2000, Fox, 46 mins., unrated, also on DVD) If you think a good Nike commercial or SportsCenter highlight reel is the stuff of high drama, you'll come away properly inspired by this ode—originally filmed in sky-high

IMAX proportions—to Air. Scenes from the 1998 playoffs, featuring the seven-game battle with Indiana and his championship-winning shot against Utah, still thrill, but there aren't many surprises here: Jordan, who once didn't make his high

school varsity team, is larger than life. **B-**—Karen Valby



'MICHAEL JORDAN'

HORROR



'LOST SOULS'

LOST SOULS ♦ Winona Ryder, Ben Chaplin (2000, New Line, 98 mins., R, also on DVD) Maya Larkin (a typically hyper-serious Ryder) is a once-possessed seminary teacher who spends her nights trying to crack apocalyptic code. Soon she's on a mission to prevent Satan from coming topside. *Saving Private*

Ryan cinematographer Janusz Kaminski's directorial debut is burdened with extra characters, and it's mired in a haze of luxury-auto-ad-style chiaroscuro and silly CGI hallucinations. If it's the devil you're after, lose this *Soul* and rent *Rosemary's Baby* instead. **D**—Ann Limpert

SHRIEK IF YOU KNOW WHAT I DID LAST FRIDAY THE 13TH

Julie Benz, Simon Rex (2000, Trimark, 86 mins., R, also on DVD) A satire on teen slasher flicks—which satirize teen slasher flicks—this goofy minor entry is funny in that I-can't-

believe-I'm-laughing-at-these-stupid-jokes way. Minus *Scary Movie*'s slapdash nastiness, *Shriek* has an affable tone, wall-to-wall dumb gags, and the comic good sportsmanship of Tiffani Thiessen (as newswoman Hagitha Utslay) and Tom Arnold (as a security guard named Doughy Prime Suspect). **B-**—Arion Berger



'SHRIEK IF YOU KNOW...'

MUSICAL

THE FANTASTICKS

♦ Joel Grey, Joe McIntyre (2000, MGM, 87 mins., PG, also on



'THE FANTASTICKS'

DVD) Stealthily released in theaters five years after it was filmed, this slight but not unlikable adaptation of the world's longest-running musical is about two love-struck ingenues (former New Kid on the Block McIntyre and Jean Louisa Kelly) and their matchmaker fathers (Grey and

Brad Sullivan). It might just be the perfect movie musical for a downsized age (the Off Broadway production has lasted almost 41 years in a 151-seat theater), although director Michael Ritchie, tempted by prairie vistas, seems perversely intent on making this his *Oklahoma!* **B**—Scott Brown

ANIMATION

LADY AND THE TRAMP II: SCAMP'S ADVENTURE

♦ Voices by Scott Wolf, Alyssa Milano (2001, Walt Disney, 70 mins., G, also on DVD) This suitable sequel finds the canine couple's trouble-prone puppy (a well-cast Wolf) running away and falling head-over-paws for a sexy stray (Milano,

Wolf's real-life ex). While it'll never achieve classic status, *Tramp II* does benefit from lush animation, catchy songs by Melissa Manchester and Norman Gimbel, and a top-breed vocal roster, including Chazz Palminteri, Mickey Rooney, and—best in show—*Raging Bull*'s

Cathy Moriarty as a junkyard dog. **B**—Bruce Fretts



'LADY AND THE TRAMP II'

'SURVIVOR' CASH-IN OF THE WEEK

Playboy: Girls Down Under

On top of things as always, the folks at Bunny Central have slapped a familiar-looking insignia on their saucy Aussie video. All that's missing are the directives: "Outplay. Outlast. Undress."



BIZARRO DVD SET

THUNDERBIRDS (Sets 1 and 2) (1967, A&E, each set approx. 312 mins., unrated, Set 1 also on VHS) Falling somewhere between the Flowbee and the Human Genome Project on the scale of human achievement is Supermarionation, the wonderfully bizarre puppet technology created by sci-fi auteur Gerry Anderson. And nowhere was this process better put to use than in *Thunderbirds*, a terrific '60s TV series with plotlines (usually a variation on

spaceship-in-distress) all but guaranteed to send an 8-year-old's pulse racing. The dozen episodes presented in these two sets prove—*sniff*—you can go home again. **A**—Wook Kim



CLASSIC OF THE WEEK

SPLASH AND BURN

» **MISSISSIPPI MERMAID** (1969, MGM, 123 mins., PG, subtitled, new to DVD) The upcoming thriller pitting Angelina Jolie's pout against Antonio Banderas' glower is called *Original Sin*, and François Truffaut's tropical noir based on the same novel, Cornell Woolrich's *Waltz into Darkness*, is its sinful original. Jean-Paul Belmondo plays Louis, a tycoon living in seclusion on an island in the Indian Ocean. He sends away for a mail-order bride and receives Julie (Catherine Deneuve). Naturally, she's got something to hide, and the movie showcases Deneuve's ideal iciness: She's too alluring to be believed, too shifty to trust, too tempting to leave alone. It's no coincidence that Woolrich's story "Rear Window" is the basis for Hitchcock's classic, or that critic-turned-director Truffaut was Hitch's most profound interpreter; *Mermaid* is a lush psychodrama about the zone between passion and obsession. **A-**—Troy Patterson



THE CHARTS

NOW CHEER THIS

CONSIDER IT DUNST.

After exploring the lower reaches of the rental chart with *The Virgin Suicides*, a brassier version of the indie queen climbs to the second tier of the video-store pyramid, thanks to her hit cheerleader comedy *Bring It On*. It's Dunst's biggest video victory since *Jumanji*—with no help from Robin Williams this time. But gee, Rock, what happened to *The Adventures of Rocky and Bullwinkle*? The half-animated romp couldn't moose-le past No. 29.



TAPE RENTALS

LAST WEEK			GROSS TO DATE	WEEKS ON CHART	EW VIDEO GRADE
1	1	WHAT LIES BENEATH Michelle Pfeiffer	\$155.4	3	B+
2	—	BRING IT ON Kirsten Dunst	\$68.4	1	B
3	—	BLESS THE CHILD Kim Basinger	\$29.4	1	D
4	—	GET CARTER Sylvester Stallone	\$15.0	1	C
5	3	ME, MYSELF & IRENE Jim Carrey	\$90.6	6	C
6	2	DISNEY'S THE KID Bruce Willis	\$69.7	4	B+
7	4	COYOTE UGLY Piper Perabo	\$60.8	5	C-
8	5	DR. T & THE WOMEN Richard Gere	\$13.1	2	D
9	11	GLADIATOR Russell Crowe	\$186.6	13	A
10	8	HOLLOW MAN Kevin Bacon	\$73.2	7	B-
11	6	URBAN LEGENDS: FINAL CUT Jennifer Morrison	\$21.5	2	D
12	7	DINOSAUR Animated	\$137.8	3	B-
13	9	GONE IN 60 SECONDS Nicolas Cage	\$101.7	11	D
14	10	BAIT Jamie Foxx	\$15.3	4	C
15	12	SCARY MOVIE Marlon Wayans	\$157.0	10	C+
16	14	THE CELL Jennifer Lopez	\$61.3	9	C+
17	13	AUTUMN IN NEW YORK Richard Gere	\$37.8	7	D
18	15	THE ART OF WAR Wesley Snipes	\$30.2	8	C-
19	16	THE REPLACEMENTS Keanu Reeves	\$44.7	12	C
20	17	SHAFT Samuel L. Jackson	\$70.3	10	C+

SOURCE: VIDEO BUSINESS FOR THE WEEK ENDING FEB. 18, 2001
BOX OFFICE GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS. SOURCE: ACNIELSEN EDI, INC., AND EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC.

EW RECOMMENDS

RACE AGAINST TIME Eric Roberts (Warner, unrated) This TNT thriller about organ donation in the future is brainier than it seems on the surface. **B**

SOLOMON & GAENOR Ioan Gruffudd (Columbia TriStar, R) It's a well-acted *Romeo and Juliet*-esque tale—set in 1911 Wales. **B**

WONDERLAND Gina McKee (Universal, R) Look at all the lonely people in helmer Michael Winterbottom's superbly dysfunctional family portrait. **A-**

COMING UP

THE BROKEN HEARTS CLUB—A ROMANTIC COMEDY (Columbia TriStar, R) Dean Cain and John Mahoney switch-hit in this L.A.-set gay laugh-riot.

THE COMPLETE ANNA NICOLE SMITH (Universal, unrated) Think you know every square inch of the plus-size femme fatale? You might be right.

THE LAST OF THE BLONDE BOMBSHELLS (HBO, PG-13) No, not Anna Nicole. Judi Dench takes the title as a wartime sax player in this Brit comedy.

THE LITTLE VAMPIRE (New Line, PG) "The human head weighs eight pounds" seemed so cute—until Jonathan Lipnicki started hanging with the undead.

MEET THE PARENTS (Universal, PG) Ben Stiller gets his frank-and-beans busted again, this time by potential in-law Robert De Niro.



WHAT ABOUT MOB? *The Sopranos*' (1) Gandolfini; (2) Imperioli and Sirico; (3) Edie Falco; and (4) Sigler

The Sopranos

9 PM
SUNDAYS
HBO

homage—a sort of *It's a Miserable Life*. But on the basis of watching the first three episodes and another airing in April, I'd say the new *Sopranos* is as good as it's ever been—ruthlessly emotional, cuttngly funny and frightening. After the long wait for new episodes, you realize that what you've really been wanting is to see Tony Soprano show up in a gaudy Hawaiian shirt on *Temptation Island* and smack the crap out of Billy and those other wussy dating-boys.

The new *Sopranos* finds Tony and his New Jersey suburban home life disturbed by FBI surveillants out to plant a bug in his house and get the goods on him for racketeering. The feds take their code name for the family from Tony's strip club, the Bada Bing: Daughter Meadow (Jamie-Lynn Sigler) is "Princess Bing"; her little brother, Anthony (Robert Iler), is "Baby Bing." And Tony? He's "Der Bingle." Makes you wonder if David Chase has been reading Gary Giddins' new biography of Bing Crosby.

Tony eluding the government is nothing new, but "nothing new" is the element that makes this season's *Sopranos* so satisfying. Yes, cagey character actor Joe Pantoliano (*The Matrix*) and a hairpiece have signed on to portray Ralphie, dead thug Richie Aprile's cousin, but where last season the show spent a lot of time introducing new characters and story lines, these opening episodes hone in on the stuff we like best: the inner workings of Mob life, family life, and Tony's mind. This week's double-shot opener grapples with the death of Livia Soprano in the

Remade Man

In season 3 of *The Sopranos*, Tony and his clan get back in key by returning to basic Family values. **by Ken Tucker**

IGOTTA WATCH TV TO FIGURE out the world?" asks silver-fox mobster Paulie (Tony Sirico) as the third season of *The Sopranos* begins. It's delivered as a tossed-off line, but as written by series creator David Chase, it rever-

berates on a few levels. You gotta watch TV to catch the series that haunts you like no other. Last season's *Sopranos* suffered somewhat from the sophomore jinx—its style couldn't startle as much as its premiere run had: The

show had to cope with the failing health of one of its crucial players, Nancy Marchand as the mother of James Gandolfini's Tony Soprano (Marchand died on June 18, 2000), and its season ender was a self-conscious Frank Capra anti-

second hour (Marchand appears, startlingly—that's all I'll say), and next week the young wiseguy-dunderhead Christopher (the marvelous Michael Imperioli) becomes a "made man," only to discover that life in this particular Italian fraternity is no great comfort.

Along the way, Chase and his directors bring Lorraine Bracco's psychiatrist Dr. Melfi more fully back into the series than she was for the entire last season. (Chase and company build their third episode around Tony recalling a childhood trauma after biting into a piece of capocollo. Dr. Melfi compares the luncheon meat to Proust's memory-inducing madeleine,

thus neatly robbing hundreds of television critics nationwide of the chance to parade their knowledge of superficial literary references. Tony's response to Melfi's metaphor is, by the way, one of grave suspicion: "Dis sounds very gay.")

Bracco does her usual impeccable job of maintaining a blank professional front while communicating mild terror and, now, professional insult, since Tony, after three years of Prozac and chitchat, has grown impatient for a solution to his recurring panic attacks: "This has gotta start showin' results or end," he tells her.

The nice thing about *The Sopranos* is that everything—

every subplot, every minor character, every musical cue (the premiere's highlight: Tony, singing along in the car to Steely Dan's "Dirty Work")—yields results. The first season's most memorable episode—Tony taking his daughter on a tour of colleges—has resulted in Meadow attending New York City's Columbia University, where she's now dating a half-Jewish, half-African-American student who brings out the bigoted worst in her father. Indeed, the series' very first episode—which, you'll recall, commenced with Tony mesmerized by ducks paddling in his swimming pool—now proves a crucial element in our antihero's current psychic

rift. (Apologies to Dr. Melfi, but *The Sopranos* has always had more to do with Jungian symbol analysis than with Freudian dream interpretation.)

Although Gandolfini plays Tony with infinitely modulated guile as a sleepy-eyed blusterer, never doubt this gangster, his violence, and his ability to adapt and fret. The season opener concludes with Elvis Costello furiously bleating "High Fidelity" on the soundtrack, and the choice is both apt (kudos again to music editor Kathryn Dayak) and ironic: The song is taken from Costello's 1980 album *Get Happy!!*—a command this Mob boss only wishes he could obey. **A**

Stupid Questions for Enterprising TV Legend and Pageant Host William Shatner

YOU DON'T KNOW SHAT

IN A DELICIOUS CASE OF LIFE IMITATING art, William Shatner—who costarred as a beauty pageant host in *Miss Congeniality*—will now assume the role of emcee for the 50th Annual Miss USA competition, airing March 2 on CBS. But that doesn't mean the former *Star Trek* captain is taking his latest job lightly. "I'm running the hills of Los Angeles and doing a lot of aerobic training," says the 69-year-old Shatner, "knowing that I'll be running from pillar to post when I'm up there." We decided to give him an extra workout with this set of dumb questions. —Dan Snierson

- Congrats on the gig. Is this a great way to meet chicks or what? It's an "or what."
- Any early predictions on the winner? Will Miss Florida be the swing state? I understand that Florida is the swinger state.
- If a contestant wants to bribe you for special emcee treatment, what should they do? Smile in my direction. I'm easy.

- What did the T.J. stand for in *T.J. Hooker*? God, I haven't been asked that in 10 years. I've forgotten what my answer used to be. *Toujours?*
- Ever flip on *Star Trek: Voyager* and go, "Ohhh, please!" [Laughing] I've never watched it. Maybe it was a lack of time—but maybe something deeper than that.
- How do you separate the geeks from the stalkers at a *Star Trek* convention? You put the geeks on the left and the stalkers on the right and you run for daylight up the middle.



- How did Young MC react to the mad rap skillz you perpetrated on "Bust a Move" in that Priceline ad? *Enthusiastically. He wants to write me a song. Maybe.*
- Will you do one of your patented white-boy spoken-word raps about me right now? *My name is Dan/I take a stand/On any issue you may hear/It's writing words/And thinking thoughts/That mostly I fear... [proud silence]*
- Edward Norton's character in *Fight Club* says that he'd love to scrap with you. Between us, could you take him? *Please. Ed Norton? Ed Norton is nothing. He has a good left hand but no power in his right.*
- How come you're the only *Star Trek* actor with a brilliantly refined sense of self-parody? *My pomposity knows no bounds—I just haven't shown it.*
- To date, what do you consider your most blatant act of vanity? *It was in front of a television store that had a camera in the window. I could see myself on 15 television sets in the window, and I sang "Somewhere Over the Rainbow."*
- Did you look good? *No. That was the problem.*

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On the Air

The latest news from the TV beat BY LYNETTE RICE

'Dharma' Chameleon

Earth to Dharma: Your shtick may be wearing thin with the suits at ABC. During a recent meeting for Disney investors, a top exec said ABC will take a hard look at how much it's willing to fork over for the renewal of the four-year-old sitcom *Dharma & Greg*, whose contract is set to expire next season. The net may have a point in questioning the show's growth: The Tuesday-night comedy has struggled in second place this season behind the powerful Daphne-and-Niles plot on *Frasier*. As a quick fix, ABC has asked for weightier story lines for Dharma (that's why we saw star **Jenna Elfman** locking lips with guest star **Kevin Sorbo** last week), but event-izing a show that became a hit with light and kooky comedy

might not be the solution. One source close to the show suggests more on-air promos might be the answer; after all, those previews featuring a cheatin'

Dharma ultimately gave the show its best performance this year in the 18-49 demographic. "When ABC got behind [the special episode] it almost beat *Frasier*," says the source. "The network can drive viewers back to *Dharma*." Perhaps a crossover with *Temptation Island* is in order.

Staying 'Tooned

The prime-time animated comedy trend should have died with *God, the Devil and Bob*, but that hasn't stopped Fox and The WB from attempting to squeeze more out of this risky genre. Fox has two animated half hours in development for fall: a family show dubbed *Monkeys*, about a large Irish clan, and another called *Green Army Men*, which combines animation and live action. Meanwhile, The WB—which plans to return *Baby Blues* to the air this fall—will premiere *The Oblongs*, about a family of mutants, this April. It's also working on two foamation comedies from the animators behind *The PJs*. One's a buddy comedy about cats that interact with people, and another's a *Dumb and Dumber*-inspired half hour about a pair of dim-witted brothers who mow lawns for a living. The WB would even like to order more episodes of *The PJs*, but it's too costly to produce. "Animation allows for very expressive and free-form comedy. You're not constrained by the production realities of live action," says WB copresident Jordan Levin. "The newness of animation hasn't worn off, if you can execute it well and it's embraced by an audience." In TV land, though, that's a big "if."

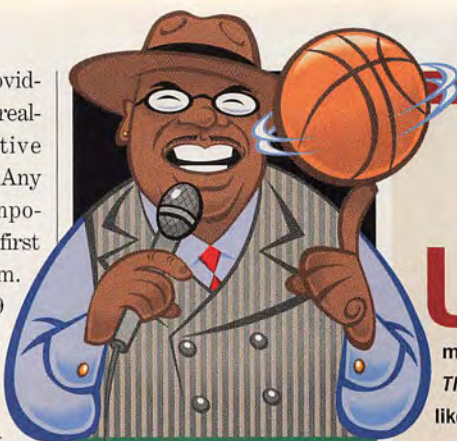


LOVE STUCK *Dharma*'s Thomas Gibson and Elfman

Love on the Run

It's the golden rule of series TV: When in doubt, add more sex. In an effort to juice up CBS' struggling drama *The Fugitive*, producers are letting Dr. Richard Kimble (**Tim Daly**) stay put for several episodes while he hooks up with an attractive widow (**Stacy Edwards**) whose husband and child

were murdered. "She's providing something that his soul really requires," says executive producer John McNamara. Any change in the show's composition is welcome: After its first two weeks in a new 9 p.m. time slot, *The Fugitive* (8.9 million viewers) has yet to attract the kind of audience that *CSI* (14.8 million) did before moving to Thursdays. In fact, producers are making other subtle changes to



WINNER OF THE WEEK

Cedric "the Entertainer"

The Budweiser cutup and *Steve Harvey Show* sidekick will take a shot at his own sitcom in a WB pilot casting him as an NBA coach.

LOSER OF THE WEEK

'Once and Again'

More angst for Sela Ward's struggling weeper: It's been pulled off the final night of February sweeps for an extra episode of *Who Wants to Be a Millionaire*.



DALY

Daly's Dr. Kimble, like dropping his mopey victim routine, to make him more relatable to skeptical viewers. "At the beginning, the show got an incredible amount of buzz" due to the series' time-tested brand name, says McNamara, adding that once viewers tuned in they were underwhelmed by déjà vu. "There was probably a level of 'Oh, I saw the movie, I've heard of the series—prove to me this is different and it's better.'"

More reviews at www.ew.com
(AOL Keyword: EW)

SOUND BITES

"Just because something's on sale doesn't mean you have to buy it. We discussed this when you came home with the microscope." Carrie (LEAH REMINI), after Doug (KEVIN JAMES) bought cowboy boots, on *The King of Queens*

"I'm hoping to talk to past hosts, but what advice can they give—"Don't suck?" Grammy host JON STEWART on *Access Hollywood*

"President Clinton was featured in a foreign documentary that was nominated for an Oscar. I believe it's called *Crouching Intern, Stolen Sofa*." DAVID LETTERMAN on *Late Show*

"You've been watching too many reruns of *M*A*S*H*." Rev. Carver (CHARLES S. DUTTON), after Ed (TOM CAVANAGH) called him "Padre," on *Ed*

"Did you hear Rob asked Tiffani-Amber Thiessen to guest-star on the show? As if we need that *90210* to boost our ratings." Hunter (IRENE MOLLOY) on *Grosse Pointe*

THE RATINGS

GIRLS, INTERRUPTED

UPON ITS JANUARY debut, NBC's femme-tastic midseason comedy *Three Sisters* looked like a hit, but Vicki Lewis and her small-screen sibs have started to sag, finishing 42nd and losing 2 million viewers from their *Frasier* (30th)



BLAME IT ON TRIO *Sisters'* (from left) Lewis, A.J. Langer, and Katherine LaNasa

lead-in. Over at Fox, the whole parents-that-act-like-kids gimmick is working like a charm as Donal Logue's sitcom *Grounded for Life* (52nd) continues to reel in viewers—although some people may simply be tuning in early for the net's still-sizzling *Temptation Island* (16th). And it appears that Lorne Michaels isn't the only one objecting to NBC's XFL football. Early buzz meant big numbers, but in their second week on the air, the pigskin players tumbled to 82nd. Maybe it's time to invite 'N Sync to the halftime show.

TOP 30

	VIEWS*		LAST WEEK
1	29.0	SURVIVOR: THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK CBS, Thursday, 8 p.m.	1
2	28.2	ER NBC, Thursday, 10 p.m.	2
3	23.1	THE PRACTICE ABC, Sunday, 10 p.m.	10
	23.1	WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE ABC, Sunday, 9 p.m.	9
5	22.4	FRIENDS NBC, Thursday, 8 p.m.	3
6	21.5	CSI CBS, Thursday, 9 p.m.	5
7	21.1	EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND CBS, Monday, 9 p.m.	4
8	20.6	WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE ABC, Wednesday, 8 p.m.	7
9	19.3	LAW & ORDER NBC, Wednesday, 10 p.m.	26
10	19.2	WILL & GRACE NBC, Thursday, 9 p.m.	6
11	18.5	SNL PRIMETIME EXTRA NBC, Thursday, 8:37 p.m.	8
12	18.4	60 MINUTES CBS, Sunday, 7:17 p.m.	18
	18.4	BECKER CBS, Monday, 9:30 p.m.	14
14	18.2	THE WEST WING NBC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	34
15	17.7	JUST SHOOT ME NBC, Thursday, 9:30 p.m.	15
16	17.0	WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE ABC, Thursday, 9 p.m.	19
	17.0	TEMPTATION ISLAND Fox, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	13
18	16.1	WHO WANTS TO BE A MILLIONAIRE ABC, Friday, 9 p.m.	15
19	15.8	TOUCHED BY AN ANGEL CBS, Sunday, 8:17 p.m.	24
20	15.7	DATLINE NBC NBC, Friday, 9 p.m.	45
21	15.6	MOVIE: DR. DOLITTLE ABC, Sunday, 7 p.m.	—
22	15.4	JAG CBS, Tuesday, 8 p.m.	19
23	15.2	THE DREW CAREY SHOW ABC, Wednesday, 9 p.m.	42
24	15.0	PROVIDENCE NBC, Friday, 8 p.m.	30
25	14.9	THE KING OF QUEENS CBS, Monday, 8 p.m.	21
	14.9	LAW & ORDER: SPECIAL VICTIMS UNIT NBC, Friday, 10 p.m.	21
27	14.7	JUDGING AMY CBS, Tuesday, 10 p.m.	31
28	14.5	YES, DEAR CBS, Monday, 8:30 p.m.	25
29	14.3	MALCOLM IN THE MIDDLE Fox, Sunday, 8:30 p.m.	11
30	14.2	FRASIER NBC, Tuesday, 9 p.m.	17

*IN MILLIONS WEEK OF FEB 5-11, 2001
SOURCE: NIELSEN MEDIA RESEARCH

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TELEVISION WhattoWatch

A day-to-day guide to notable programs. Times are Eastern standard and are subject to change. BY DALTON ROSS

TELEVISION

MONDAY

February 26

8-9PM

THE BEST COMMERCIALS YOU'VE NEVER SEEN (AND SOME YOU HAVE) 5 (ABC, TV-PG) If we told you it's hosted by the "Whassup?!" guys, would you hold that against us?

8-8:30PM

THE KING OF QUEENS (CBS, TV-PG-L) In what sounds like a vague

homage to *Stay Tuned* (yes, the John Ritter movie), Doug finds himself living inside several different TV shows.

9-10PM

95 WORLDS AND COUNTING (Discovery Channel, TV-G) *3rd Rock's* John Lithgow stays spacey, narrating this special on moons of the solar system.

9-9:30PM

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND (CBS, TV-PG-L) That's amore—or is it?—when Robert gets a visit from his gelato girl.

9-10PM

ALLY McBEAL (Fox, TV-14-DSL) Rhea Perlman is cast as a shrink, and we don't mean that as some sort of cruel joke.

8-9PM

THE TRUE STORY OF RASPUTIN (History Channel, TV-PG) When it comes to mixing sex and spirituality, Swaggart and Bakker got nothin' on this Siberian peasant-turned-monk. *History's Mysteries* examines the complex life and death of Rasputin, whose faith-healing abilities brought him fame and acclaim among the Russian royal family, but whose philosophy of salvation through sin proved just as alluring. It's a story ripe with intrigue, but we can't help wondering: How did a dude with a beard like that get so much play? B



THE MAD MONK

TUESDAY

February 27

8:30-9PM

TITUS (Fox, TV-PG-L) Christopher and company go to hear a motivational speaker and end up with David Hyde Pierce instead.

9-11PM

BIG EASY JUSTICE (Court TV) This two-part documentary examines

all the spicy details of the N'awlins criminal-justice system.

10-11PM*

FRONTLINE: THE MERCHANTS OF COOL (PBS) As the makers of Sprite have discovered, it takes more than a delicious lemon-lime beverage to attract

the spending dollars of America's youth. It takes a really cheesy marketing campaign, too.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

10-11PM

NYPD BLUE (ABC, TV-14-LV) Fancy tells Danny to calm down, or he'll tell folks about *Silver Spoons*.



SMOTHERED BROTHER

SYNDICATED*

BLIND DATE Last time we saw *Big Brother's* Josh Souza (left), he was performing a homoerotic striptease for drunken housemates Eddie and Curtis. But Señor Souza can only hope things get so randy when he is paired on a date with Lea, a community-theater actress. Unfortunately for Josh, this "hater" never saw *Big Brother* (go figure!) and doesn't recognize him as a studly celeb, so he proudly brings her up to speed, explaining that "our show was really big on the Internet." Wow, he's sexy and funny. A-

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

The Guest List



Look Who's on The Couch This Week

(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)

BEN AFFLECK

DAVID LETTERMAN **Monday** *Survivor: The Australian Outback* castoff, musical guests Dave Matthews Band **Tuesday** Heather Locklear, musical guests Emmylou Harris, Alison Krauss, and Gillian Welch **Wednesday** Martin Short, Leslie Bibb

JAY LENO **Monday** Debra Messing, musical guest Jamie O'Neal **Tuesday** Dolly Parton, Heidi Klum **Wednesday** Ben Affleck, Rod Stewart **Thursday** Chris Isaak **Friday** David Arquette, Lauren Holly, musical guests Joe and Mystikal

CONAN O'BRIEN **Monday** Gwyneth Paltrow, Fred Willard, musical guest R.L. Burnside (R) **Tuesday** Jarod Miller, Mimi Rogers **Wednesday** Mike Myers, Ed Burns, musical guests Doves **Thursday** Martin Short, Jill Hennessy, Chris Carter **Friday** Edie Falco, Snoop Dogg

CRAIG KILBORN **Monday** Melina Kanakaredes, Dallas Mavericks owner Mark Cuban **Tuesday** William Shatner, *Survivor: The Australian Outback* castoff **Wednesday** Melissa Joan Hart, Christopher McDonald **Thursday** Rae Dawn Chong **Friday** David Hasselhoff

ROSIE O'DONNELL **Monday** Jennifer Love Hewitt, 98* **Tuesday** Dylan McDermott, Hootie and the Blowfish **Wednesday** Tony Danza, Shaggy **Thursday** Jim Carrey, David Alan Grier **Friday** Ricky Martin

WhattoWatch

WEDNESDAY
February 28
SYNDICATED*

BLIND DATE The matchmaking show's reality-TV week continues as *Survivor*'s Dirk listens to himself talk endlessly about, well, *Survivor*. Plus, *The Australian Outback*'s Jerri sucks face repeatedly with a cheeseball in a bandanna, and his name's not Colby.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS
SERIES FINALE
8-9PM

THE MOLE (ABC, TV-PG) Jennifer the jock, Wendy the weeper, plus all five other ousted losers are back, weighing in with their guesses before the Mole's identity is finally revealed.

8-9PM

BIOGRAPHY CLOSE UP: CIVIL RIGHTS HEROES (A&E, TV-G) Ruby Dee, Ossie Davis, and Bill Russell are among the African-American celebrities who discuss growing up black in America.

8-10PM*

THE KENNEDY CENTER PRESENTS: THE MARK TWAIN PRIZE (PBS) Names like Seinfeld, Van Dyke, and Tyler Moore salute the comedic stylings of Carl Reiner.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS
9-11PM

NORA ROBERTS' SANCTUARY (CBS, TV-PG) Danger! Murder! Melissa Gilbert!

SERIES FINALE
9-10PM

TEMPTATION ISLAND (Fox, TV-14-D) Sadly, all socially reprehensible things must come to an end.

10-11PM

BRAVO PROFILES: GLORIA ESTEFAN (Bravo, TV-PG) We're assuming this contains no footage from her 1992 Super Bowl halftime appearance with a rapping snowman.


SERIES DEBUT
8:30-9PM

SOME OF MY BEST FRIENDS (CBS, TV-PG-DL) A kind of graceless *Will & Grace*, this dispiritingly shticky adaptation of the 1997 art-house farce *Kiss Me, Guido* casts *Hogan Family* veteran Jason Bateman as a gay Greenwich Villager with a straight roommate (*Titanic*'s Danny Nucci, above with Bateman) and an effeminate platonic pal (Alec Mapa). Recidivist sitcom stars don't come any more smoothly charming than Bateman, but Nucci's stuck playing an Italian Stallion stereotype. It's hard to say which part of Tony Vitale and Marc Cherry's script is more offensive: the limp gay clichés (Bateman's Warren worships Bette Midler and Ricky Martin) or the sub-*Three's Company* double entendres. With *Friends* like these... D+ —Bruce Fretts

THURSDAY
March 1
8-9PM

SURVIVOR: THE AUSTRALIAN OUTBACK (CBS) The tribes close in on the biggest merger since AOL Time Warner.


SERIES DEBUT
10-11PM

BIG APPLE (CBS) For Ed O'Neill (above), taking on organized crime is a cinch compared with dealing with the likes of Peg Bundy. The former *Married...With Children* hubby suits up alongside Michael Madsen and boy-band Hall of Famer Donnie Wahlberg in CBS' cop drama. But will this new kid on the block have the right stuff to take on *ER*?

8-9PM

ETHEL KENNEDY: CARRYING ON (A&E, TV-G) Any woman who gives birth 11 times deserves her own *Biography*.

9-10PM

TV GUIDE'S TRUTH BEHIND THE RUMORS (Fox, TV-PG-L) There is no truth behind the rumors that watching this is a valuable use of your time.

9-9:30PM

WILL & GRACE (NBC, TV-PG) Will helps Jack hit on the ultimate lover boy, Patrick Dempsey. (R)

9-10PM

CSI: CRIME SCENE INVESTIGATION (CBS, TV-PG-DL) A woman is shot twice in the head, and lives!

10-11PM

ER (NBC, TV-PG) Dr. Weaver worries her lady lovin' will be uncovered, while Abby searches for a stolen baby.

FRIDAY
March 2
8-10:30PM

LOST IN SPACE (TNT, TV-PG-V) For all those people who didn't get it free with their DVD player.

8-10:15PM

DOGMA (Starz!, TV-R) Does the Catholic League know this is on?

8:30-9PM

POPSTARS (The WB) The gals rehearse for a big gig in front of TV critics, who can be so darn cruel sometimes.

9-11PM

MISS USA 2001 (CBS, TV-G) The network says the traditional Parade of States will be replaced by "a fast paced, pre-taped segment featuring the 51 delegates in a stylized music video." What they should also say is to be very, very afraid.

9-11PM

FRESH HORSES (WE, TV-PG) Andrew McCarthy's wealthy,

Molly Ringwald's poor, and we're suffering *Pretty in Pink* déjà vu.

10:30PM-MIDNIGHT

FRANKENSTEIN (AMC) See the monster as a swingin' single, before he started taking orders from that crazy-coiffed wife of his.


NEVER LET 'EM SEE YOU SWEAT
9-10PM

THE ULTIMATE TEN STINGS (TLC, TV-14) Washington, D.C., mayor Marion Barry (above) and freaky-car connoisseur John DeLorean are two of the higher-profile names who fell victim to police sting operations. See them and a slew of other suckers here.



HOW DO YOU LIKE ME IN GLASSES?

8-9:45PM

FOREVER LULU (Starz!, TV-R) In this unnecessarily potty-mouthed ode to schizophrenia and lost love, a leggy loon-on-the-lam (Melanie Griffith) convinces her ex-lover (Patrick Swayze) to abandon his pantsuit-wearing, psychiatrist wife (Penelope Ann Miller, above center with Swayze and Griffith) for a road trip to find the son they never knew. Before long you'll be asking, "Are we there yet?" while the two dirty dance their way across the country. Finally, the movie climaxes with a tag team therapy session in which our three "starz" commiserate over hotel room minibar portions of vodka. If only they would pass the bottle. C+ —*Caroline Kepnes*

6:05-8:05PM

HARD TO KILL (TBS, TV-14-V) Steven Seagal goes into a coma, grows massive facial hair, and then makes up for lost time by maiming everyone in sight.

8-10:30PM

THE TALENTED MR. RIPLEY (Showtime, TV-R) Matt Damon suffers a killer identity crisis.

8-9:30PM

FREAKED (Fox Movies, TV-PG) All you really need to know is that it features Mr. T in a dress.

8-10PM

BACK TO THE FUTURE (TNT, TV-PG-DL) It is your density to watch this Michael J. Fox-Crispin Glover classic.

9-10PM

KATE BRASHER (CBS, TV-PG-L) Kate confronts a school board that has just said yes to dosing a 9-year-old with Ritalin.

11PM-MIDNIGHT

MAD TV (Fox, TV-14-DS) You laughin' at me? Robert De Niro guest-stars on the late-night sketch-comedy program. (R)

7-7:30PM

FUTURAMA (Fox, TV-PG-L) Captain Bender pulls an Exxon Valdez, accidentally dropping hazardous cargo on unsuspecting penguins (as opposed to suspecting ones).

7:30-8PM

KING OF THE HILL (Fox, TV-PG-DL) Dale gets a taste of corporate power—and likes it.

8-10PM

IT'S BURLESQUE (A&E, TV-PG) Jackie Gleason, Abbott and Costello, and Mae West all had their careers jump-started in burlesque. Of course, so did thousands of skanky strippers.

8-10:30PM

2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY (Turner Classic Movies, TV-G) One of the about 2001 opportunities you'll have to see Kubrick's space epic this year.

8-8:30PM

THE SIMPSONS (Fox, TV-PG-V) Homer makes the ultimate sacrifice, abstaining from food to protest the Isotopes' possible move to Albuquerque.

8:30PM-1AM

DIFF'RENT STROKES (Nickelodeon, TV-G) Nick at Nite's *Revenge of the 80's* week kicks off with Mr. D welcoming Mr. T, along with fellow guest stars Muhammad Ali and Janet Jackson.

8:30-9PM

MALCOLM IN THE MIDDLE (Fox, TV-PG-L) It's Mr. Smarty Pants to the rescue when Malcolm's tutoring skills are called upon to keep Reese from flunking school.

9-10PM*

DONNY OSMOND: THIS IS THE MOMENT (PBS, TV-G) To what, change the channel? Oh, we kid 'cause we love (and it's just so easy).

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

9-10PM

BEHIND THE MUSIC: ROD STEWART (VH1, TV-14) We never really dug his tunes, but that "Young Turks" video is truly one for the vaults.

9-11PM

OPRAH WINFREY PRESENTS: AMY AND ISABELLE (ABC, TV-14-DS) Elisabeth Shue and Hanna Hall star in Oprah's latest tear-jerking telepic about a mother-daughter relationship on the brink of collapse.

9-11PM

THE MANY LOVES OF MARILYN MONROE: THE TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORY (E!, TV-PG-DV) Where have you gone, Joe DiMaggio?

9-11PM

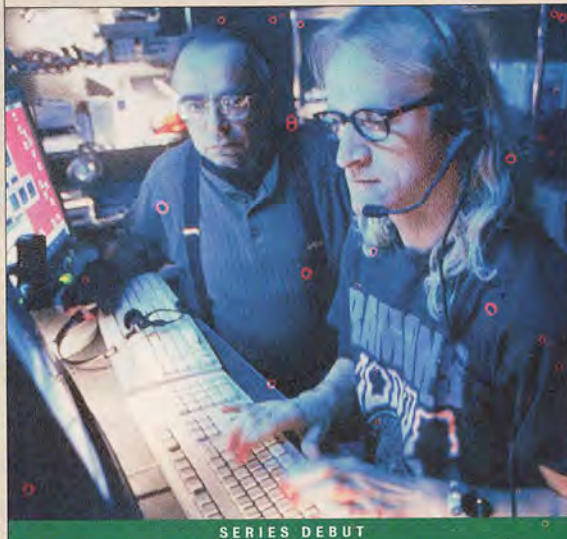
THE 70S: BELLBOTTOMS TO BOOGIE SHOES (TLC, TV-G) This special claims that "pop culture of the 1970s seems like some massive practical joke." Well, then what do you call having Danny Bonaduce as a narrator?

10-11PM

WORLD'S BEST NUDE BEACHES (Travel Channel, TV-14) Not that we're gonna watch or anything.

10:30PM-MIDNIGHT

DUNSTON CHECKS IN (HBO Family, TV-PG) Too bad this 1996 movie about a big ape in the big city does not produce big laughs.



SERIES DEBUT

9-10PM

THE LONE GUNMEN (Fox, TV-PG) Chris Carter must figure if fans can deal without Mulder, why not get rid of Scully, Skinner, and the little green men, too? All that leaves is paranoid comic-relief eggheads Byers (Bruce Harwood), Frohike (Tom Braidwood), and Langly (Dean Haglund, above right with Braidwood) cracking codes and jokes in this new *X-Files* spin-off. The trio bumbles and stumbles while taking on both the government and a rival competitor, the beautiful and exotic Yves Adele Harlow (Zuleikha Robinson, who has to be the most unconvincing computer geek since Angelina Jolie booted up as Acid Burn in *Hackers*). While the action is more silly than spooky (the opening scene borders on slapstick), this conspiracy caper should at least keep *Files* fans warm before it moves into its regularly scheduled Friday-night sci-fi death slot (RIP: *Millennium*, *Harsh Realm*, and *Freakylinks*). Still, it's no *Whiz Kids*. B



GARDEN PARTY (1) Christina Carrera, Joel Hatch, and Susan Hart; **(2)** Carrera and Hatch

Loop. All of Ayckbourn's plays—the best known are *Absurd Person Singular* and *The Norman Conquests*—call for actors and directors who understand the serious nature of farce. (And indeed, Goodman artistic director Robert Falls and his company conduct matters expertly.) But *House* and *Garden*, which are having their American premiere here, demand a further requirement: a theater with cheek-to-cheek auditoriums, so that the actors rapidly exiting one stage and instantly popping up on the other don't get winded in transit.

Ayckbourn isn't above using obvious devices to make the timing work. Chief among them is a dipsomaniacal French starlet conveniently on the loose in both plays; whenever action in one venue needs to slow down to allow the other to catch up, Lucille rants in French just long enough for the other play to pull even. But taking Ayckbourn to task for such obvious stagecraft would be like criticizing Tom Hanks because he can't sing.

Same with the plays themselves. *Garden* has the belly laughs of good farce, yet it's hardly consequential; *House*, on its own, is decidedly lesser Ayckbourn. But seen one after the other, these two plays become a third one that, for sheer audacious originality, is practically beyond criticism. Salute the playwright for conceiving it, salute the Goodman for producing it, and salute the unsung hero, production stage manager Joseph Drummond. Without his deft maneuverings, *House* and *Garden* would resemble the XFL without referees. Give this man a hand. And when he gets home, a stiff drink. (312-443-3800; run ends March 4) *House*: **B-** *Garden*: **B+** *House* and *Garden*: **A**

'House' Beautiful

On their own, Alan Ayckbourn's *House* and *Garden* are a little low-rent; together, they're ingeniously constructed. by Daniel Okrent

IN ONE THEATER, A GROUP of actors puts on a domestic comedy in a lovely English manor house. A few dozen yards away, another theater hosts a loopy farce about infidelity, bad parenting, and other nice habits, all played out in a slightly forlorn garden. In fact, the second theater contains the garden behind the manor house. And those people gamboling in the greenery are the same actors, playing the same roles they portray in the house. And it's all happening simultaneously. But in a different play.

Now that we've settled that, here are the particulars: Alan Ayckbourn, the English playwright whose comic low regard for the Englishness of the English has kept him busy (and audiences delighted) with nearly 60 plays over the past 42 years, has topped himself with an act of unprecedented theatrical invention. *House* takes place in a house, *Garden* in the house's garden. When the actors aren't on one stage performing *House*, they're down the hall on another doing *Garden*. The characters

are identical, the circumstances inverted. Each play contains the back story for the other. Imagine an audience watching Hamlet mope through a soliloquy while an audience nearby is watching Claudius put the moves on Gertrude. Except imagine it being a lot funnier.

And imagine, as well, all this splendidly staged by Chicago's Goodman Theatre in its exceptionally handsome new home, an up-to-date theatrical complex hidden behind a neoclassical facade in the heart of the

House and Garden
GOODMAN THEATRE

» Broadway

ANNIE GET YOUR GUN ♦ Even with Bernadette Peters, this revival was never a must-see...until now. Country queen Reba McEntire has picked up Annie Oakley's pistols, and boy does she hit her target. She's got great comic timing and buckets of charm. Naturally, she also sings like a dream. (TM) **B+**—Melissa Rose Bernardo

JANE EYRE ♦ Tepid reviews and the promise of gothic gloom have kept theatergoers away from this musical adaptation of the Charlotte Brontë novel. Their loss: While the play is overlong, it's also more intelligent and tuneful than almost any other new musical this season. Marla Schaffel nicely walks the line between propriety and passion as Jane, and James Barbour is a superbly sardonic Rochester, but it's the production that's the star, with "the scent of an English garden" truly captured by surreal, minimalist stagecraft. See it while you can. (TM) **B**—Ty Burr



McENTIRE IN 'ANNIE'

» Off Broadway

A SKULL IN CONNEMARA ♦ In Martin McDonagh's sliver of Ireland, even the dead are unsettled. Gravedigger Mick Dowd (Kevin Tighe) endlessly exhumes old bones to make way for new bodies, and as he nears his wife's plot there arises a whiff of an old rumor: That 'twas Mick killed her himself. This second installment of

McDonagh's Leenane Trilogy is pungent with dirty jokes and imminent savagery. But while the play builds with blasts of humor and teases of violence, it dissolves into an ambiguous drawing-room comedy. What remains is the dissatisfaction most souls must have on their way to the grave: Is that it? (TM) **B-**—Gillian Flynn

BOY GETS GIRL ♦ This harrowing story of a stalker is far richer than the stuff you get ad nauseam on Lifetime. A writer (Mary Beth Fisher) is being victimized after two casual dates, her stalker (Ian Lithgow) so relentless she's forced to consider abandoning her identity. Playwright Rebecca Gilman likes to venture into raw-edged territory, which she handles with wit, gravity, and a certain detachment. The play begins as an already interesting comedy of the sexes, then drops through a trapdoor into sadness. To her credit, Gilman offers up lots of ideas while maintaining the tension of a thriller. (212-581-1212) **B+**—Lawrence Frascella

THE PLAY ABOUT THE BABY ♦ If Edward Albee is one of America's greatest living playwrights, he's also our most demanding one. His outrageous new play concerns an older couple who actually convince two innocent parents that they haven't had a baby. Albee presents his favorite theme (subverting our faith in a "reality" he views as an anesthetizing veil) in a spare, somewhat easier to grasp form. Taking the night to haughty heights are the wickedly funny, dizzily decadent performances of Brian Murray and sublime Albee regular, queen of the stylized gesture, Marian Seldes. (TC) **B+**—L.F.

How to Get TICKETS

Unless otherwise noted, tickets can be ordered (with surcharges) from Tele-Charge (TC), 800-432-7250 (or 212-239-6200 in the New York area); or from Ticketmaster (TM), 800-755-4000 (or 212-307-4100).

Elaine Stritch relives the drama in D.A. Pennebaker's seminal theater docu 'Original Cast Album'

'COMPANY' WOMAN

STEPHEN SONDHEIM, WHO'D WRITTEN the words and music, was clearly nervous. The record producer, Thomas Z. Shepard, was downright rude. And as the cast of the landmark 1970 Broadway musical *Company* soldiered through a grueling, 18½-hour recording session to get the show's tongue-twister songs down on tape for posterity, one performer—Elaine Stritch—came apart at the seams.

In a mixed blessing for Stritch, documentary filmmaker D.A. Pennebaker was there to capture the torturous marathon as a TV special. His warts-and-all feat of voyeurism, *Original Cast Album: Company!*, has been reissued by Docurama on DVD (\$29.95) and VHS (\$24.95)—and three decades after first airing it's still one of the most intimate portraits of theatrical creation ever caught on film.

For her part, Stritch still marvels at how Pennebaker snuck in under everybody's radar. "They told us it was for a college or something," says the 75-year-old stage veteran. "It was underplayed to such a great extent, and Pennebaker did that for a reason. He didn't want the subjects trying to look like Elizabeth Taylor."

Of course, Stritch invokes

Taylor as a synonym for glamour and poise. But as the belter strains in *Cast Album* to nail the song "The Ladies Who Lunch," a blistering takedown of wealthy Manhattan wives, she comes off more like Taylor fumbling at the Golden Globes podium. She botches take after take, screaming her way through the lyrics, until she yells at her own playback, "Oh, shut up!" Then, in a follow-up session two days later, she nails it perfectly. It's an astonishing portrait of a performer triumphing over her own exhaustion and insecurity.

"I cost them an awful lot of trouble and money," Stritch says. "But through no fault of mine. My heart was in the right place. I wasn't misbehaving, I was trying to get it." Watching her finally do so makes for a deeply satisfying showstopper. —Steve Daly



'LUNCH' TIME *Company* director Hal Prince with Stritch





BLACK-AND-WHITE TELEVISION (1) *Beulah*; (2) *The Jeffersons*; (3) *The Jack Benny Show*; (4) *The Cosby Show*



Color Bind

Donald Bogle takes an incisive look at small-screen depictions of African Americans in *Primetime Blues*. by Ken Tucker

RECENTLY, I CAUGHT A rerun of *The Jack Benny Show*. In this episode from the 1950-65 series, the deadpan cheapskate goes to the barbershop, where none of the haircutters want to

serve him because Benny is such a poor tipper. Then Benny decides he wants a shoeshine. Unlike the white barbers, both of the men who shine shoes are black. Benny asks one of them for a shine. Also disinclined to

serve the penurious comedian, the black man gestures to his partner and says with impeccable, quiet dignity, "I yield to the gentleman from Alabama."

This was a funny, prickly joke from any angle. The mock-senatorial reference to one of the South's poorest, historically most segregated states was subtextually perfect, and for that era, the surprising lack of stereotypical obsequiousness in the black actor's delivery was entirely in keeping with the rest of *The Jack Ben-*

ny Show. As Donald Bogle points out in his new book, **Primetime Blues: African Americans on Network Television**, the Benny program showcased wonderful, nervy work by Eddie "Rochester" Anderson, who played Benny's wily valet. "There was nothing servile or submissive about [Rochester]," Bogle writes. "Cocky and confident, always resourceful and witty, Rochester seemed his own man and usually behaved as if he were the boss in the Jack Benny household; an idea that the scriptwriters played with time and again."

Eddie Anderson's equal-status standing is much the exception to the rules Bogle lays out in his thorough, engagingly opinionated history of blacks on TV. Most often, even when they are the stars of a show, African Americans are denied the range of emotion and experience that whites are granted. And Bogle finds this is as true of one of the first shows starring a black character; the '50s sitcom *Beulah*—the title character a maid to whom "it never occurred...she might be overworked or underpaid. Nor did she question the system that had designated her a servant"—as of recent fare like Martin Lawrence's *Martin*, whose race-based buffoonery Bogle finds "pernicious and poisonous."

Bogle brings a fresh eye to many TV touchstones, pointing out, for example, that *Seinfeld*'s huckster lawyer Jackie Chiles (played by Phil Morris, son of the only black cast member of

Mission: Impossible, Greg Morris) may have been modeled on Johnnie Cochran, but his "thick dialect and broad, stagy double-takes harked back to Kingfish on *Amos 'n' Andy*," the most reviled TV depiction of shuck-'n'-jive black life. "Seeing [Chiles]'s antics," Bogle

Primetime Blues: African Americans on Network Television
BY DONALD BOGLE
\$30
FARRAR, STRAUS & GIROUX



NEW in Paperback

A Heartbreaking Work of Staggering Genius

Dave Eggers (Vintage, \$14, first published in 2000) Eggers' memoir about raising his kid brother in the wake of his parents' deaths, one of EW's 10 Best Books of 2000, includes new corrections, apologies, clarifications, and three different back covers.

Bobos in Paradise

David Brooks (Touchstone, \$14, 2000) Coining a new word to define today's upper class, Brooks' bobos are an odd hybrid of the bohemian and bourgeois.

Bluesman

Andre Dubus III (Vintage, \$13, 1993) Months after Oprah anointed Dubus' *House of Sand and Fog*, Vintage re-issued his first novel about a boy's coming-of-age in 1967.

writes with heavy sadness, "many viewers might have felt television images had not progressed at all."

Indeed, the provocative notion that Bogle pursues throughout *Primetime Blues* is that television, commonly considered the pop-culture medium most responsive to societal trends, consistently lags behind movies and music in reflecting the minds and moods of blacks. As its title suggests, *Primetime Blues* is ultimately a despairing work. Again and again, blacks make small pop-cultural breakthroughs only to find those triumphs either canceled (as in the case of Tim Reid's daringly lapidary New

Orleans comedy *Frank's Place*) or the victims of TV's relentless production schedule, a factory pace that dulls even the best show's sharp edges (I think of the slow fade of *In Living Color*).

Bogle avoids the usual trap of this kind of cultural criticism—praising earnest, "serious" work over the truly subversive stuff (he ultimately rates *The Jack Benny Show* a bolder effort than, say, a mawkish Emmy-winner like TV's *In the Heat of the Night*). But the structure of *Primetime Blues*—describe a show's premise and stars, note its success or failure as a depiction of the black experience—becomes repetitive quickly.

Bogle nails the appeal of the Norman Lear issue-oriented squawk comedies like *All in the Family*, *Maude*, and *The Jeffersons*, praising Sherman Hemsley's George Jefferson as a character who "appealed to the African-American audience in [an] intensely personal way" because he was "a middle-class black man who asserted...his racial identity at every opportunity." But he sometimes misses the boat: He dismisses the hardheaded, superlatively acted *I'll Fly Away* as "safe, even self-congratulatory," and he unaccountably praises Michael Michele's bland performance in *Homicide* while ignoring the more subtle one Clark Johnson turned in as the porkpie-hatted Meldrick Lewis. And he has surprisingly few original thoughts on such important phenomena as Michael Jackson's music videos or Bill Cosby's varied career (from stand-up comic to *I Spy* dramatic actor to sitcom savior with *The Cosby Show*). Still, in a field filled with hack hagiography and flimsy fan-books, Bogle's rigorous history is a valuable one for the depth of its research and its refusal to patronize either TV or its audience. **B**

Between the Lines

The inside scoop on the book world

» KNOPF OUT Alfred A. Knopf may be feeling a little light these days: HarperCollins has just made off with **Michael Crichton**, the venerable publisher's heaviest hitter and a mainstay at the house ever since *The Andromeda Strain* hit the best-seller lists in 1969. "Michael had been restless for a while," says his agent, **Lynn Nesbit**, who engineered the reported \$30 million-plus, two-book deal, which also happens to reunite Crichton with **Jane Friedman**, the Knopf veteran who is now Harper's president and CEO. "Michael has been built beautifully at Knopf," says Friedman. "But I think we can [take him] even higher."

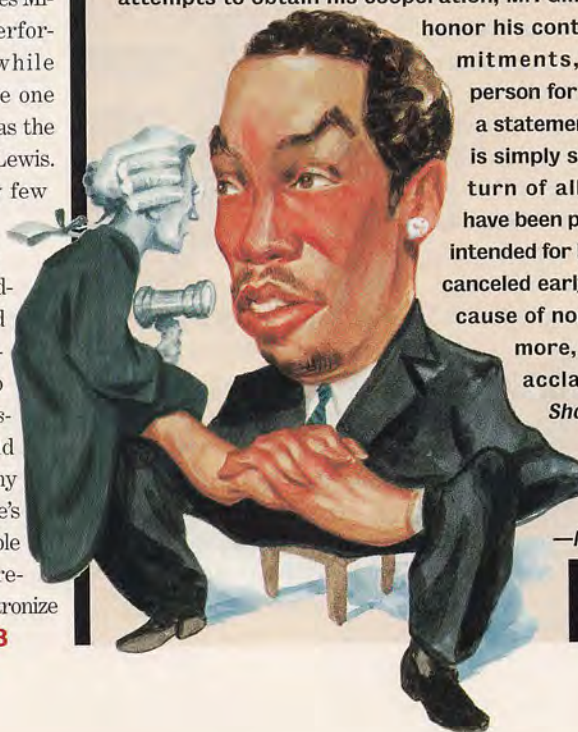
» YALE CALL Yale law professor **Stephen L. Carter**, author of a slew of serious nonfiction books (including *The Culture of Disbelief* and *Civility*), has just scored a virtually unheard-of deal for a new novelist—\$4 million for two books. The first, a legal thriller called *The Emperor of Ocean Park*, revolves around an African-American judge and his family. Knopf beat sister imprint Random House, which also bid \$4 million, in a "beauty contest" for the rights. "It's very positionable," says an editor at a house that dropped out of the bidding. "There aren't many African-American suspense writers, and there aren't a lot of books published about the world of the black elite."

» COMBS OVER As if **Sean "Puffy" Combs** hasn't seen enough of courtrooms lately, the rap impresario/weapon-possession-charges defendant is suing writer **Mikal Gilmore**, who Combs says contracted to cowrite his autobiography for \$325,000 and then failed to start work on it. "Despite repeated attempts to obtain his cooperation, Mr. Gilmore failed to

honor his contractual commitments," a spokesperson for Combs said in a statement. "Mr. Combs is simply seeking the return of all monies that have been paid." The book, intended for Ballantine, was canceled early last year because of nondelivery. Gilmore, author of the acclaimed memoir *Shot in the Heart*, did not return a call to his office.

—Matthew Flamm

SUITED UP Puffy's returns policy



The Week

» Nonfiction

WE OWE YOU NOTHING: PUNK PLANET, THE COLLECTED INTERVIEWS ♦ Edited by Daniel Sinker

(Akashic Books, \$16.95) The seven-year-old 'zine *Punk Planet* has always alternated between fascinating and frustrating, but this first collection of Q&As, featuring talks with heroes both musical (Fugazi's Ian MacKaye) and philosophical (Noam Chomsky), consistently engages. And since most of the pieces have a casual but informed approach that often involves the interviewer as much as the subject, *Nothing* successfully functions as a detailed document of the tight-knit modern-day punk community. **B+** —Brian M. Raftery

AN AMERICAN FAMILY ♦ Jon and Michael Galluccio with David Groff (St. Martin's Press, \$24.95) After an ickily earnest start, Jon and Michael Galluccio's account of their legal battle—as an upstanding,

churchgoing gay couple living in New Jersey—to jointly adopt several “special needs” foster children gradually wins you over. While Michael vows “to deliver on the promise every Italian-American son makes to his family—providing grandchildren,” Jon, himself an adopted child, becomes fixated on tracking down his own birth parents. Some stereotypical scenes, like Jon dancing with his baby to a recording of Judy Garland live at Carnegie Hall, are allayed by the Galluccios' heartening clear-headedness in the face of hostility from the religious right (including Jerry Falwell himself), their own families, and even the gay community. **B** —Charles Winecoff

BYE BYE BABY: MY TRAGIC LOVE AFFAIR WITH THE BAY CITY ROLLERS ♦ Caroline Sullivan (Bloomsbury, \$14.95) Before she was a rock critic, Sullivan was a maladroit Jersey girl with an obsessive crush on the Bay City Rollers. She forms the



ON TARGET EARTH *Videoscope* takes readers to the B movies.

Tacky Tartan Tarts, a Rollers fan club, and devises ingenious schemes (like calling airlines pretending to be the manager's secretary) to get close to the band. When the Tarts finally land at a post-gig party with their idols, the Rollers turn out to be completely unintelligible and much less clean-cut than advertised. A life lesson for 'N Sync fans 20 years hence, *BBB* provides a welcome female perspective on the mysteries of music fandom: “My entire Roller-maniac career was a struggle between knowing they were no Led Zep and loving them anyway.” Insert frenzied screaming here. **A-** —Lisa Levy

THE DAY I WENT MISSING: A TRUE STORY

♦ Jennifer Miller (St. Martin's Press, \$23.95) Television and film writer Jennifer Miller (an Emmy-nominated scripter of *Roseanne*) sought therapy when she found herself unable to enjoy her success. She says her unfortunate experience with Dr. David Cohen gave her something else—new material as bizarre and lurid as anything Joe Eszterhas could cook up. Miller writes that Cohen gained her trust by showing her the love and warmth that her father (a renowned psychologist) never did, then proceeded to con her into giving him over a hundred thousand dollars, then disappeared. A darkly funny writer with an edge of self-deprecating humor that marks her as a stand-up comic, Miller crafts an ominous tale of dangerous psychological manipulation. Even the recounting of a few too many dreams

featuring her inner child doesn't dull the edge of this honest and profoundly unsettling memoir. **A-** —Rhonda Johnson

THE PHANTOM OF THE MOVIES' VIDEOSCOPE

♦ Joe Kane (Three Rivers Press, \$25) For every film that makes it into multiplexes, peopled with shiny stars and adorned with lavish special effects, there are a dozen more that trade stars for skin and effects for, well, bad effects. These are the low-budget exploitation flicks, the kind you pass over in the video store. But some are worth taking home, and New York *Daily News* columnist Kane aims to separate the wheat from the chaff. A noble endeavor, to be sure—after all, filmmakers like Martin Scorsese, Jonathan Demme, James Cameron, and Ron Howard all got their start in this Hollywood basement—but Kane's wildly inconsistent critical eye (both Schwarzenegger's *The Running Man* and the out-of-place *Apocalypse Now* get 3½ stars) makes the book more entertaining than useful. **C+** —Marc Bernardin

AN UNEXPECTED LIGHT: TRAVELS IN AFGHANISTAN

♦ Jason Elliot (Picador USA, \$30) English travel writer Elliot fell in love with Afghanistan at age 19 when he accompanied a band of mujahideen fighting Soviet invaders. This extraordinary account follows his return trip a decade later, in the mid-'90s, just as the Taliban was overthrowing the country's secular government. Traveling by horse-

THE BOOK YOU HAVE TO READ

Colson Whitehead

recommends *The Big Con: The Story of the Confidence Man* by David W. Maurer (Anchor Books, 1999). Maurer had such a keen understanding of the vanished underworld of the con man that you suspect he missed his true calling. This reprint of his 1940 study is a great rogues' gallery of hard-luck slang;

with tour guides like Slobbering Bob and the Leather-head Kid, you'll learn more about deemers, dinks, and flat-joints than should be legally possible. Its secrets still reverberate...just visit one of Mamet's houses of games.

Colson Whitehead is the author of *The Intuitionist*. His next novel, *John Henry Days*, will be published in May.





VALENTINE OF THE WEEK

'Prenup for Lovers'

Billed as a romantic guide, matrimonial lawyer Arlene G. Dubin's new book explains "how to bullet-proof your prenup." Stick to the Kama sutra.

back, bus, and foot from bomb-besieged Kabul to lapis mines, glacial mountains, Silk Route cities, and beyond, Elliot alternates harrowing reportage with flights of fancy about the romantic Afghanistan of Kipling and Marco Polo, tracking the mysterious impulses of adventurous travel with unflinching insight. **A-**—*Megan Harlan*

FINDING FISH: A MEMOIR ♦ **Antwone Quenton Fisher** (*William Morrow*, \$25) Fisher was born in 1959 to a jailed teen mother and a dad who was already dead from a gun blast. For 14 years he lived in a foster home, berated, sexually abused, slapped and whipped, and tied to basement poles as punishment. He was a kid so marginalized he didn't even know his middle name. Now, he's become the scripter of his own story. (Literally: Denzel Washington will direct and star in Fisher's screenplay of his memoir.) Fisher's horrific childhood is clear and well-catalogued; so too is the external support that helped him overcome it—a caring teacher, a few kind caseworkers, a Navy regimen. But what's muted is a true sense of Fisher's spirit—the sad, determined, triumphant sensibility that kept him from succumbing. To feel distanced from this memoirist is frustrating, because he'd be quite a person to know. **B-**—*Gillian Flynn*

>> Fiction

ECLIPSE ♦ **John Banville** (*Knopf*, \$23) Alex Cleave had been a celebrated stage actor and a happy husband. Now, at 50, he's retreated to his boyhood home after suffering a crisis that seems part emotional meltdown and part possession. As he mulls over the events that shaped his life (old epiphanies, his parents' deaths), he finds himself haunted, literally and figuratively, by people from his past. Banville's vivid, shimmering sentences explore—and evoke—wrenching self-awareness, the weird sweetness of nostalgia, and, finally, the plain pain of grief. **A-**—*Troy Patterson*

THE CLOUD SKETCHER ♦ **Richard Rayner** (*HarperCollins*, \$25) This ambitious epic—large in scope, lushly written, with a plot that covers politics, murder, and the Mob—is also a beautiful dissertation on architecture. Esko Vaananen is a young boy in a small Finnish town at the beginning of the 20th century; quiet and quirky, he's determined to build a skyscraper, even though he's never seen one. Esko survives the Finnish civil war—in one of the more harrowing descriptions of battle recently written—and travels to New York, where he struggles to become an accomplished architect. The one flaw in the book—and unfortunately, it's a big one—is the romance that propels Esko and the story: The object of his affection and their relationship are so sketchily drawn that through much of the novel, the otherwise endearing Esko seems more like a creepy stalker than a sadly spurned lover.

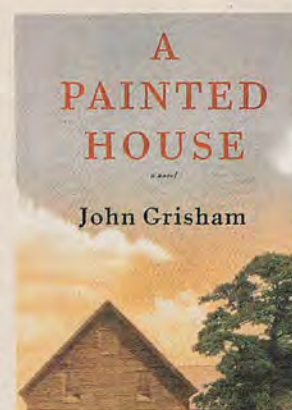
B—*Rebecca Ascher-Walsh*

THE GLASS PALACE ♦ **Amitav Ghosh** (*Random House*, \$25.95) Palace? The novel itself is a sprawling Victorian pile inhabited by orphans, widows, bureaucrats, servants, and secret children. Boy (Rajkumar, an Indian raising himself in Burma) gets a lump in his throat at first glance of Girl (Dolly, a maid to the deposed Burmese royal family) then promises, "I will see you again." Sure enough, they marry, and their family saga gets entwined with a century's worth of social upheaval. The scope is impressive, but the story is cluttered and genteelly sentimental; Ghosh neither capitalizes on his epic themes nor jolts his characters into life-size dimensions. **B-**—*TP*

BEST-SELLERS

TAKE A BOW, 'HOUSE'

FEBRUARY IS THE month of love and John Grisham legal thrillers. As if shot from Cupid's bow, his new book, *A Painted House* (2.8 million copies in print), reliably hits No. 1. But this year, Grisham trades the courtroom for a literary coming-of-age story set in 1952 Arkansas, his home state. A five-city book-signing swing through



the South included a stop at Square Books in Oxford, Miss. (home of his magazine, *The Oxford American*, which serialized the novel). Legal eagles take comfort: Grisham swears he'll soon return to his page-turning roots.

FICTION

		WEEKS ON LIST
1	A PAINTED HOUSE John Grisham, <i>Doubleday</i> , \$27.95	1
2	A DAY LATE AND A DOLLAR SHORT Terry McMillan, <i>Viking</i> , \$25.95	4
3	A DARKNESS MORE THAN NIGHT Michael Connelly, <i>Little, Brown</i> , \$25.95	3
4	THE FIRST COUNSEL Brad Meltzer, <i>Warner</i> , \$25.95	5
5	THE CAT WHO SMELLED A RAT Lillian Jackson Braun, <i>Putnam</i> , \$23.95	2
6	HIDDEN PASSIONS Tabitha Lenox, <i>HarperEntertainment</i> , \$25	3
7	FROM THE CORNER OF HIS EYE Dean Koontz, <i>Bantam</i> , \$26.95	7
8	THIS HEART OF MINE Susan Elizabeth Phillips, <i>William Morrow</i> , \$24	1
9	SPECIAL OPS W.E.B. Griffin, <i>Putnam</i> , \$25.95	4
10	STAR WARS: DARTH MAUL, SHADOW HUNTER Michael Reaves, <i>Del Rey/LucasBooks</i> , \$26	2

NONFICTION

1	WHO MOVED MY CHEESE? Spencer Johnson, <i>Putnam</i> , \$19.95	59
2	ICE BOUND Dr. Jerri Nielsen, <i>Talk Miramax</i> , \$24.95	3
3	SECRETS OF THE BABY WHISPERER Tracy Hogg, <i>Ballantine</i> , \$22	1
4	BODY FOR LIFE Bill Phillips and Michael D'Orso, <i>HarperCollins</i> , \$25	82
5	AN HOUR BEFORE DAYLIGHT Jimmy Carter, <i>Simon & Schuster</i> , \$26	5
6	IF THEY ONLY KNEW Chyna Richardson, <i>ReganBooks</i> , \$26	2
7	LIFE MAKEOVERS Cheryl Richardson, <i>Broadway</i> , \$21.95	3
8	TUESDAYS WITH MORRIE Mitch Albom, <i>Doubleday</i> , \$19.95	169
9	THE O'REILLY FACTOR: THE GOOD, THE BAD, AND THE COMPLETELY RIDICULOUS IN AMERICAN LIFE Bill O'Reilly, <i>Broadway</i> , \$23.95	21
10	A SHORT GUIDE TO A HAPPY LIFE Anna Quindlen, <i>Random House</i> , \$12.95	13

SOURCE: PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

EW EAGERLY AWAITS

PARADISE PARK Allegra Goodman (*The Dial Press*, \$24.95, on sale March 13) The critically acclaimed author of *Kaaterskill Falls* returns with a story of a woman who seeks salvation in Hawaii.

MY FIRST MOVIE Edited by Stephen Lowenstein (*Pantheon*, \$27.50, on sale March 15) From the Coen brothers to Pedro Almodóvar, 20 prominent directors take readers behind the scenes of their debut films' creation.

DREAMCATCHER Stephen King (*Scribner*, \$28, on sale March 20) King returns to the fictional town of Derry, Maine (setting of *It* and *Insomnia*), for his latest creeper about four childhood friends who battle a supernatural enemy.



Working Stiff

An overreaching new album from Dave Matthews Band is labor-intensive but fun-deficient. **by David Browne**

FOR FANS OF DAVE MATTHEWS, the news regarding his fourth studio album, *Everyday*, may be disturbing, or at least disconcerting: After years of strumming unplugged, their man has discovered the electric guitar. Until now, Matthews' devotion to the acoustic instrument, along with his straitlaced looks, his carefree stage demeanor, and his group's unconventional employment of sax and violin set him apart from the alternative crowd, especially during his rise in the Lollapaloozin' '90s. Next to his peers, Matthews felt organic, a

pop-music granola bar.

The surprises on *Everyday* don't end there. The album finds Matthews paired with the least likely producer and songwriting partner one could imagine: Glen Ballard, whose passion for bludgeoning listeners with hooks until they cry uncle has led to a decade of hits with everyone from Wilson Phillips to Alanis Morissette. It's like chasing down that granola bar with a can of Jolt.

As if to announce Matthews' new intentions, *Everyday* kicks off with a blast of guitar squall

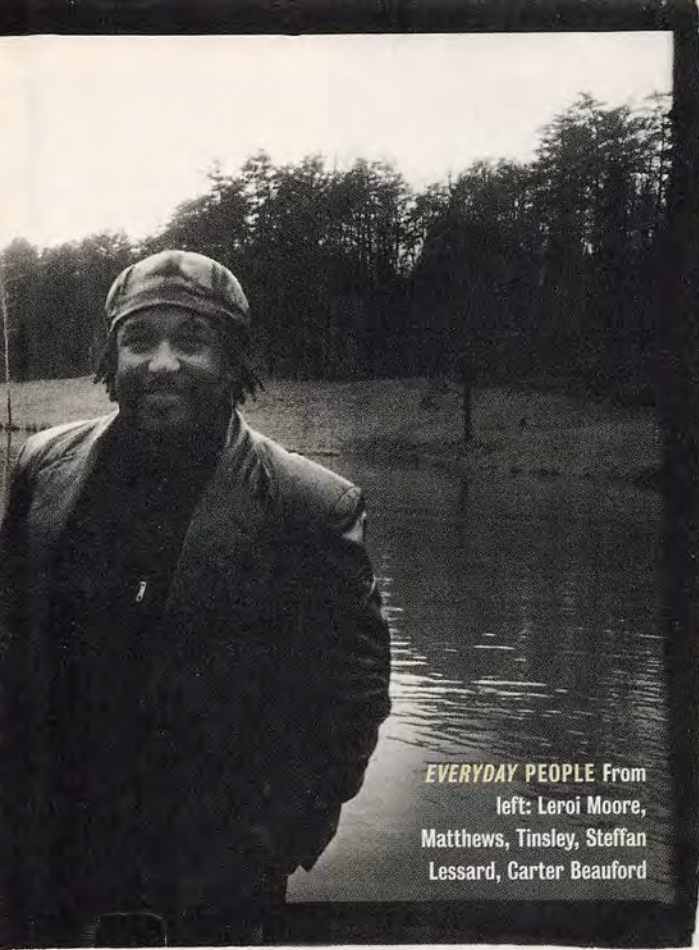
Everyday
DAVE MATTHEWS
BAND
RCA

and pounding drums, which then leads into the rollicking, surrealistic sing-along "I Did It," the album's first single. The effect is momentarily jar-

ring, especially when violinist Boyd Tinsley raps mid-song. Before long, though, the track settles into more traditional Matthews territory. And so it goes with *Everyday*, a bumpy ride that finds Ballard attempting to rein in Matthews' self-indulgent tendencies, while Matthews strives, with varying degrees of success, to ditch his jam-band image for a sleeker sound.

In Matthews' case, a little simplification is not a bad thing. On previous albums, the DMB had a tendency to overarrange their material; only the devout felt at home in the band's thorny thicket of noodly solos and mice-in-a-maze rhythms. Ballard is at least an interesting choice. He's adept at knowing when to punch up a track ("The chorus starts now!" his arrangements announce) and untangle its knots. Here, he keeps the sax and violin solos to a minimum, while beefing up the band's sound with harder rhythms and a bit of keyboard electronica now and again.

What Matthews sacrifices in the process is distinctiveness; for much of the album, he might as well be backed by anonymous session men. At times, though, the combination makes a twisted sort of sense. "If I Had It All" may include a loopy lyric—Matthews tells us he doesn't want everything because "what in the world would I sing for?"—



EVERYDAY PEOPLE From
left: Leroi Moore,
Matthews, Tinsley, Steffan
Lessard, Carter Beauford

but Ballard lends the track a chimney, large-scale grandeur, just as he makes Matthews' lovelorn lament "The Space Between" breathe in a U2 sort of way. You'll walk away from *Everyday* humming more of its songs than those on any earlier DMB album.

The real problem remains Matthews. He's never looked or acted like a traditional rock star; but he's never sounded like one either. The disadvantages of this no-frills approach become apparent in the souped-up setting of *Everyday*. His attempt at a slicky Mick-and-Keef number, "Angel," is clunky, and throughout the album, his melodies and reedy singing feel strained. (Ballard should have told him when to stop huffing and growling.) He still straddles an uneasy line between horny frat boy ("When the World Ends") and sensitive New Age guy (the naiveté of the social concerns in "Mother Father" would embarrass Cat Stevens), and he seems to make

up lyrics as he goes along, as in the vaguely Arabian-influenced "What You Are" ("What you've become/Just as I have/Are you and I so unlike/Huddled here/You just as I am"). And Ballard must have been at lunch during "Fool to Think," whose unrequited sentiments are trampled by overly frenetic musicianship.

As its wearied title connotes, *Everyday* feels like work, which in a way describes the Dave Matthews Band. For all their free-and-easy, play-on vibe—epitomized by a New York performance I caught a few years ago, during which, after an hour-plus, my friend and I realized the band had only played *four songs*—they continue to churn out music that sounds labored. Not even a pop machinist like Ballard can take the weight off. As a rapper might say, the Dave Matthews Band gets busy but amplified or not, the results are still too bustling for their own good. **C+**

Hear&Now

This week on the music beat **BY ROB BRUNNER**

>> BUSTA MOVE You can almost hear **Clive Davis** shouting "Woo-ha!" After 11 years with Elektra, **Busta Rhymes** has signed with Davis' fledgling J Records and recently began work on a new album. Tentatively titled *Genesis*, the disc will include collaborations with **Kelis** and the **Neptunes**, **Mystikal** and **Trina**, and perhaps "something that I'm planning to do with **Madonna**." (Her rep is unaware of any such team-up.) So why did the rapper leave the label that made him a star? Although Rhymes says he's grateful to Elektra and still loves label president **Sylvia Rhone**, his last album, 2000's *Anarchy*, failed to match the sales of his previous three efforts: "When you consistently reach a certain level, you strive to reach higher goals, and Elektra wasn't capable of getting me there. They need younger dudes who understand the newer ways of approaching the [marketing] game.

I offered suggestions in a million ways and I wasn't seeing changes." (Elektra declines to comment.) As for the album, "I'm still figuring it all out, but we're gonna extreme it a little bit this trip."



HEAT SEEKER
Rhymes jumps ship

>> HOUSE FRAU Meanwhile, Elektra is planning a May 22 release for the latest from **Björk**, a recent best song Oscar nominee for "I've Seen It All" from *Dancer in the Dark*. "The album is like a cocoon," she says. "How can I explain? A lot of my music is very real and stark, but this is almost the opposite, sort of Walt Disney, like a fantasy. It's about creating a bubble in your house, a paradise. It's called *Vespertine*, which refers to twilight—it's sort of a winter album." The disc features beats from San Francisco experimentalists **Matmos**, who craft tracks out of real-world sounds. "There's a solo in [the first single] 'Hidden Place' made from shuffling cards," Björk says. "You know the plastic thing you put in the freezer to make ice cubes? They [made beats by] cracking the ice. All their noises are recorded around the home." Who says house music is boring?

French Revolution

After honing Madonna's *Music*, sound sculptor Mirwais makes a *Production* of his own. What Gaul!

WHEN MAKING LAST year's *Music*, what led Madonna to recruit Mirwais Ahmadzai, a veteran (albeit underground) French musician and producer who's spent nearly 20 years dabbling in punk, indie rock, and house music? Was it his sound, or because he too uses only his first name in his professional life? We can now begin to understand the reasons with *Production*, the Mirwais album released in Europe nearly a year ago and finally available on our side of the ocean.

The roots of *Music* (about

half of which was produced by Mirwais) are scattered all across *Production*, from the intergalactic acid-house romp "Disco Science" to the electronic bird chirps and sarcastically perky voices on "Naive Song" to the dizzying, trash-cans-in-space clatter that is "Definitive Beat." His blending of computerized rhythms and acoustic guitar, a type of cyber-folk so effective on Maddy's "Don't Tell Me," is clearly a Mirwais trademark; he uses it here repeatedly. Like Madonna, he's also something of a mystery, and he likes it that way: He

Production
MIRWAIS
EPIC



reveals quite a bit of unexpected depth, which may further explain his appeal to Madonna. "V.I. (The Last Words She Said Before Leaving)" is all sullen whispers and brooding beats; "Junkie's Prayer" finds Mirwais contorting the lyric ("We want drugs/We want love") until it becomes uglier with each line, mirroring an addict's descent into desperation. By meshing hard, sullen

rarely sings in an unadulterated voice, generally distorting it with various turns of the knobs, and he has an equally playful, winking attitude toward electronic and dance music.

Yet for all its irrepressible sonic whimsy, *Production* also

stomps with melodic warmth, Mirwais' music deftly balances darkness and light. Even if he's already preparing to jump aboard another musical bandwagon, *Production* remains a delicious French pastry, with many layers. **A-** —DB



EASY RYDER

In the rock world, there's one award more coveted than a Grammy or even a multi-platinum certification: being Winona Ryder's boyfriend. First came the Dave Pirner years, the reason many of us are haunted by the nightmarish image of the Soul Asylum front-

man in a tux. (We won't count her teen romance with part-time bass player Johnny Depp.) Then there were shorter stints with Dave Grohl and, late last year, Beck. Romance, interrupted! Beck-less Winona has reportedly moved on to ex-Whiskeytown singer Ryan Adams. Who'll be next in the Ryder/rocker dating sweepstakes? To help out in the office pool, EW handicaps the odds. —Chris Willman



ODDS
2 million to 1

► **PUFF DADDY** Any actress can say sayonara to stalker concerns with the Puffster's arsenal-laden rep. But with her pallor, Ryder might take it the wrong way when he calls her "ill."



ODDS
5,000 to 1

► **MARILYN MANSON** Their shared aversion to sunlight augurs well for long, romantic idylls in hotel rooms. On the other hand, if she really wanted to remake *Beetlejuice*, she could've by now.



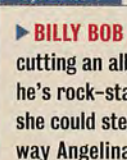
ODDS
2,000 to 1

► **THE GUY IN THE CORRS** Their kids would—of course—be stunning. Still, being "the plain one" at family gatherings would suck.



ODDS
150 to 1

► **EVAN AND JARON** If Ryder wants to work through the entire pool of available applicants, she'll need to start doubling up at some point—and why not with these upstart dreamboats?



ODDS
450 to 1

► **BILLY BOB THORNTON** He's cutting an album, so, technically, he's rock-star material. And she could steal him away the way Angelina Jolie stole *Girl, Interrupted*.



ODDS
Even

► **THOM YORKE** She's already had rock's foremost "Loser." Can its preeminent "Creep" be next?



ODDS
50 to 1

► **STEPHEN MALKMUS** Like many a naive girl before her, Winona is bound to believe she'll be the one to get the indie rocker to write sonnets to her instead of Yul Brynner.



ODDS
45 to 1

► **ONE OF THE OLD 97'S** What better way to make Adams green after their inevitable split than taking up with one of Whiskeytown's old alt-country rivals?



ODDS
30 to 1

► **MATTHEW SWEET** He once wrote a song called "Winona"; since seeing *Autumn in New York*, though, he's been claiming he really wrote it about Wynonna Judd.



ODDS
Even

In the Studio With Sisqó

THONGS FOR THE MEMORIES

STARDOM PREDICATED ON A SALACIOUS novelty hit has been a mixed blessing for Sisqó—no ifs, ands, or butts about it. “I’m the thong guy now,” he says, half-lamenting his good fortune as he takes a break in the Hollywood studio where he’s cutting an undies-free new album. “I’m done with the whole sex thing. Everybody got the point; they over-got the point. ‘The Thong Song’ came out, and then there were like a hundred booties” always in the immediate vicinity. The sad truth: “I’m desensitized to the ass now.”

That’s why Sisqó is emphasizing amour over that other A-word on *Return of the Dragon*, the follow-up to 1999’s quintuple-platinum *Unleash the Dragon*. Inasmuch as he’s going for romanticism instead of sexual titillation, this second solo effort may remind fans of his earlier records with Dru Hill. But he’s shying away from that group’s emphasis on ballads, which he thinks carried over to and hobbled *Unleash*. “With my last album, I wanted to come with more up-tempo tracks, but the label was so fixed on me filling the void of Dru Hill, they kind of prematurely released it. I didn’t even want to sing ‘Incomplete,’ ” he says, talking about the lady-killing slow tune that went to No. 1 on the pop and R&B charts. “Personally, I prefer to sing ups.”

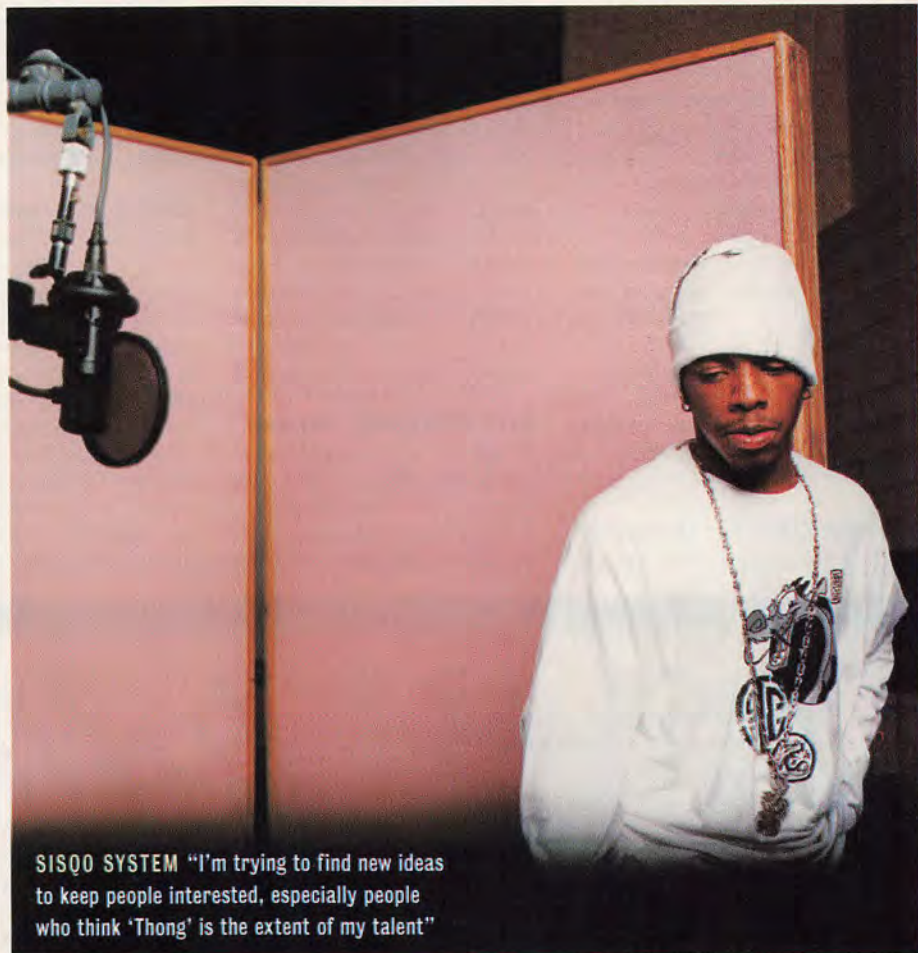
He’s not abandoning the languid stuff altogether, and he has a better voice for balladry than people who’ve only been exposed to “Thong” could know, but sitting still long enough to sing ’em probably isn’t easy. During a playback of some of his more rhythmic new tracks, which on casual listen represent a big leap forward from the last effort, the wired singer dances, bounds, and even moonwalks through the control room as if on an arena stage. He’s as competitive as he is excitable, which is why he’s just now resuming work on *Return* after taking a break to case the current scene.

“We finished five songs before Christmas and were about to move to No. 6, and then I was like, ‘Hey, we’re finishing

too quick, we got to chill.’ ” The album isn’t due out till summer, and Sisqó was worried his beats might sound old-school by then. “I didn’t want to have my album done and then some new sounds come out. So I kind of chilled back and listened to the radio. ‘Okay, Jay-Z, that’s what you’re doing? Cool. Mystikal, I hear you! Oh, Nelly, I hear you! E.I. E.I. Uh-oh, got to do something new!’ ”

He’s just the gift that keeps on giving!”

Not only that, but “my first single was originally written for Destiny’s Child. Normally, nobody would tell you that because they’re too scared, thinking you’re gonna be listening to their joint and thinking of Destiny’s Child the whole time. Damn that! I could tell you Dick Clark sang it first. When it’s my song, it’s my song.... But the lyrics are



SISQO SYSTEM “I’m trying to find new ideas to keep people interested, especially people who think ‘Thong’ is the extent of my talent”

Something new, but also something borrowed, if not blue. “Here’s a secret nobody knows: The song that (writer-producer) Teddy Riley let me use for my album originally was (conceived as) a Michael Jackson song. Michael’s recorded about 160 songs, but I don’t think many of them will come out. So, thanks, Mike! He’s given me influence, and now he’s giving me songs.

really from a girl’s perspective.” The determined skirt-chaser isn’t worried about fanning any rumors about sexual orientation that may have already been sparked by his flamboyant appearance. “One of the lines is ‘I’m not your girl and you’re not my man.’ I think I’m gonna keep the female lyric and just get more publicity: People will say, ‘See, I told you he was gay!’ ” —Chris Willman

The Week

>> Singles

MAXWELL ♦ "Get to Know Ya" (*Columbia*) Does this king of neo-soul pine to be Prince? It sounds that way from his new single. After three albums of low-key, red-light R&B, the singer goes for something more aggressive, fast, and funky on the song that teases his forthcoming LP. It's a refreshing change, and one that doesn't compromise his identity. All together now: His name is Maxwell and he is funky. **B+** —*Jim Farber*

>> Pop/Rock

DJ CLUE ♦ *The Professional 2* (*Roc-a-fella/Def Jam*) DJ Clue launched his career with cool compilations of up-and-coming rappers in the early '90s. With a platinum '98 debut and a radio gig on New York City's Hot 97, the Queens-born spinner is at the top of the hip-hop heap. On 2, he again gathers everyone from mogul Puff Daddy to hoodie DMX (who gained fame from a Clue mix tape). While certain cuts shine (Method Man and Eminem are expert MCs on "What the Beat"), other choices seem clueless. **B** —*Evan Serpick*

AMERICAN HI-FI ♦ *American Hi-Fi* (*Island*) They sound like a rock band.

In fact, this quartet, led by former Letters to Cleo and Veruca Salt drummer Stacy Jones, sounds like a lot of rock bands, mainly due to the most unabashed fetishizing of the power chord since Weezer's season in the sun. But power chords, when repeated endlessly, aren't that powerful. Blame Bob Rock's unimaginative production, but responsibility for the "I'm bored, you hate me, let's party" level of lyrical perspicacity rests on Jones' shoulders. **C** —*Josh Tyrangiel*

FINLEY QUAYE ♦ *Vanguard* (*Epic*) When he debuted in 1997, this Brit cast himself as the sole instigator of a rainbow-colored reggae regeneration. After a long hiatus, his plans seem even grander: The first single, "Spiritualized," is closer to swinging London or the decade-old Manchester scene than any kind of reggae. Elsewhere, though, Quaye's thoroughly urbanized, half-mad brand of African roots music is alive, well, and wonderfully prickly. **B+** —*James Sullivan*

SILKK THE SHOCKER ♦ *My World, My Way* (*No Limit/Priority*) Better than brothers Master P and C-Murder, Silkk deftly veers from guns-and-souljahs gangsta joints to lyrical takes on mortality and being



MAXWELL SMARTS His slow grooves take a backseat to funk

a role model, even stopping for an occasional R&B-flavored love song ("Seem Like a Thug," with Erica Fox). But the standard-issue No Limit backing beats vary little from track to track, making Silkk's world and ways hardly shocking. **C+** —*ES*

GENTLE WAVES ♦ *Swansong for You* (*Jeepster*) Were it not for a sticker affixed to the CD—"2nd Gentle Waves album from Isobel Belle & Françoise Hardy. From the retro cover art ("stereo") to the groovy use of Hammond organ, harp, and glockenspiel, it's a near-fetishistic tribute—impressively executed, but more curious than captivating. **B** —*RB*

NEILSON HUBBARD ♦ *Why Men Fail* (*Parasol*) This Mississippian's material is drenched in disillusionment. But like top-tier confessional singer-songwriters Matthew Sweet and Elliot Smith, he puts his woes to good use, churning out baleful ballads and hymns that earn your empathy. Blessed with an earthy falsetto, plush melodies, and salvation-seeking stories, Hubbard's got the goods to compete with the reigning mope-rock royalty. **A-** —*Laura Morgan*

OLU DARA ♦ *Neighborhoods* (*Atlantic*) After decades in the theater and on the progressive jazz scene, the 60ish Mississippi native "debuted" to raves in 1998. African-rhythm jazz, blues, and funk make up this cornetist-guitarist-singer-songwriter's crowded milieu, and he makes it all sound as inviting as a porch swing. Fans of Cassandra Wilson (who guests here) should take note, if they haven't already. **B+** —*JS*

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of music critics from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	ROBERT HILBURN <i>Los Angeles Times</i>	SIA MICHEL <i>Spin</i>	GREG KOT <i>Chicago Tribune</i>	EDNA MURRAY <i>Los Angeles Times</i>	SONIA DUNDERS <i>The Atlanta Journal-Constitution</i>	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	CRITICS' AVERAGE
Dido, <i>No Angel</i> ARISTA	B	B-	C+	B	B+	B	B
LeAnn Rimes, <i>I Need You</i> Curb	D+	—	C	D	C	C+	C-
Linkin Park, <i>Hybrid Theory</i> WARNER BROS.	C+	D	C+	B-	C	B-	C+
Jill Scott, <i>Who Is Jill Scott?</i> HIDDEN BEACH	B+	B+	B+	A-	B+	A	A-
Jennifer Lopez, <i>J.Lo</i> EPIC	C-	D+	D	C-	C+	C-	C-
Dream, <i>It Was All a Dream</i> BAD BOY/ARISTA	D	C-	C	C-	C	B-	C
Shaggy, <i>Hotshot</i> UNIVERSAL/MCA	C	C	B-	C	C	C+	C
Various Artists, <i>Save the Last Dance</i> HOLLYWOOD	C	C	C	C	B	C	C+
Crazy Town, <i>The Gift of Game</i> COLUMBIA	—	C-	C	B	C	C	C
Dave Matthews Band, <i>Everyday</i> RCA	C+	C+	C	—	—	C+	C+

THE MINUS 5 ♦ Let the War Against Music Begin THE YOUNG FRESH FELLOWS ♦ Because We

Hate You (*Mammoth*) Scott McCaughey puts separate albums from his two bands into one package, for what's billed as "the battle of the century"—the irony being that these ditties are the least confrontational tunes you'll hear outside of a nursery. The YFF rock and wink harder than their brethren; songs like "My Drum Set" career from absurdity to insincerity. The Minus 5, featuring Peter Buck, rely on a few chords and gentle harmonies, especially on standouts "Got You" and "You Don't Mean It." **War: B+ Hate: B-** —*JT*

RAE & CHRISTIAN ♦ *Sleepwalking* (!K7) A less-stoned-sounding Massive Attack, Mark Rae and Steve



SAMPLE OF THE WEEK

'Respect the C---'

Tom Cruise's lawyers have demanded that all copies of U.K. dance duo Phats & Small's single "Respect the C---"—which includes a sample of Cruise reciting the line from *Magnum*—be destroyed. The newly available hunk apparently doesn't respect the mock.

Christian are a British DJ-production team favoring jazzy hip-hop and lush '70s soul. On their second studio session, reggae legend Cedric Myton flexes his falsetto, Brazilian fusionista Tania Maria tries trip-hop, and L.A. prog-rappers the Pharcyde come on like it's 1993. Best, though, is a gravely Bobby Womack, whose tracks show U.K. club culture takes better care of American R&B vets than we do. Thanks, mates. **B+**—Will Hermes

DUNCAN SHEIK ♦ Phantom Moon (Nonesuch) On his last album, Sheik paid tribute to sensitive singer-songwriter Jeff Buckley. Here (with lyricist Steven Sater) he honors the intimate lamentations of another who died too young: '70s legend Nick Drake. At first, *Moon* seems a decidedly somnolent affair, but with one's feet up and headphones on, the strings suddenly shimmer, and the warm vocals soothe. Sheik favors lushness over Drake's stark beauty, but he deserves credit for sticking to his pretty, non-pop-chart minor chords. **B**—Beth Johnson

VARIOUS ARTISTS ♦ My Favorite Broadway: The Love Songs (Hybrid) Julie Andrews sings! It's only a few bars of "The Rain in Spain"—heck, it's not even a love song—but the vocally challenged star stopped the show at last fall's second annual *Broadway* benefit. That moment is

preserved here, along with a few other hits (anything Marin Mazzie sings) and misses (Nathan Lane's ridiculous "Sue Me"; Robert Goulet's *Camelot* retread). Perhaps for the next installment, Andrews will give us an entire verse. **B-**—Melissa Rose Bernardo

>> Country

JESSICA ANDREWS ♦ Who I Am (DreamWorks) Sixteen-year-old Andrews may be the Academy of Country Music's reigning Top New Female Vocalist, but her second album pulls out every stop in an attempt to catapult her from competent purveyor of sweet love songs to bombastic pop diva. Producer Byron Gallimore, Nashville's new king of schlock, obviously gave her the same advice he gave Faith Hill: Never sing a little when you can sing a lot. Unlistenable. **D**—AN

>> Jazz

BOB BELDEN ♦ Black Dahlia (Blue Note) All this moody, absorbing project needs is a film noir to accompany it. Composer Belden has called on the infamous Black Dahlia Hollywood murder of the '40s for inspiration in spinning an instrumental yarn that also evokes the Miles Davis-Gil Evans orchestral collaborations—yet retains an irony-free distinctiveness of its own. Terrific spots for saxophonist Joe Lovano and trumpeter Tim Hagans up the jazz ante considerably. **B+**—Steve Futterman

CANNONBALL ADDERLEY/CHARLES LLOYD ♦ JIMMY RUSHING/JIMMY WITHERSPOON ♦ ART FARMER/SONNY ROLLINS ♦ GERRY MULLIGAN/ART PEPPER ♦ BOLA SETE/PAUL WINTER ♦ Jazz Casual (Koch) An anomaly among television productions, the legendary *Jazz Casual* series of the 1960s gave musicians room to breathe, and some of the exceptional resulting performances can now be found on this terrific series of dual-artist recordings. The tight, lyrical ensembles of Farmer, Mulligan, and the explosive Rollins may take the honors, but robust performances by such emblematic jazz figures of the period—Adderley, Lloyd, Sete, and Winter, as well as bluesmen Rushing and Witherspoon—are also time-capsule gems. Adderley/Lloyd: **B+** Rushing/Witherspoon: **A** Farmer/Rollins: **A** Mulligan/Pepper: **B** Sete/Winter: **B**—SF

More reviews at www.ew.com
(AOL Keyword: EW)

THE CHARTS

'GAME' WINNER

NUTTY. THAT'S WHAT WE would've called you last year if you'd said Crazy Town's

The Gift of Game would be top 10 material, considering the November 1999 rap-rock album didn't crack the top 200 until three months ago. The late-breaker moves—on "Butterfly" wings—to No. 9, with 97,000 copies sold. And "oh, brother." That's what we would've sighed if you'd predicted the '30s-themed country-bluegrass *O Brother, Where Art Thou?* soundtrack would, at No. 15 with 81,000 copies, be vastly outselling the Backstreet Boys and O-Town. Next you'll tell us how reggae and the British Invasion will top the charts, you crazy fool.



POP ALBUMS

LAST WEEK			WEEKS ON CHART
1	1	SHAGGY <i>Hotshot</i> , MCA	28
2	2	THE BEATLES <i>1</i> , Capitol	14
3	3	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>Save the Last Dance</i> soundtrack, Hollywood	8
4	6	DIDO <i>No Angel</i> , Arista	40
5	4	JENNIFER LOPEZ <i>J.Lo</i> , Epic	4
6	8	SADE <i>Lovers Rock</i> , Epic	14
7	7	LENNY KRAVITZ <i>Greatest Hits</i> , Virgin	17
8	5	JA RULE <i>Rule 3:36</i> , Murder Inc./Def Jam	19
9	10	CRAZY TOWN <i>The Gift of Game</i> , Columbia	13
10	9	LUDACRIS <i>Back for the First Time</i> , Def Jam South	18
11	13	CREED <i>Human Clay</i> , Wind-Up	73
12	12	LIMP BIZKIT <i>Chocolate Starfish...</i> , Flip/Interscope	18
13	11	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>NOW That's What I Call Music! 5</i> , Columbia	14
14	14	DREAM <i>It Was All a Dream</i> , Bad Boy/Arista	4
15	19	VARIOUS ARTISTS <i>O Brother...</i> soundtrack, Mercury Nashville	8

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IN STORES MARCH 6

AEROSMITH, *Just Push Play* (Columbia) This latest (with fiftysomething vets Steven Tyler and Joe Perry producing for the first time) aims to reassert the band's relevance in advance of their March 19 induction into the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame.

AMY RAY, *Stag* (Daemon) The Indigo Girl may be without bandmate Emily Saliers, but she's invited an all-star roster of women rockers (Joan Jett, Luscious Jackson's Kate Shellenbach, and the Breeders' Josephine Wiggs) to join in on "Hey Castrator."

EVE, *Scorpion* (Ruff Ryder/Interscope) Da Brat, DMX, and Gwen Stefani join the first lady of hip-hop on her second disc, featuring production by Swizz Beats and Dr. Dre.

OLEANDER, *Unwind* (Republic/Universal) Building on the success of their 1999 gold-certified debut, *February Son*, the first single from the Sacramento rockers' second effort is already in heavy rotation at modern rock stations nationwide.

ON TOUR

3 DOORS DOWN The quintet promises new songs and a two-man drum jam (with Richard Liles and lead singer-former drummer Brad Arnold) on their tour, opening Feb. 28 in Spartansburg, S.C. Fuel, Oleander, and Shades Apart rotate as openers.

XZIBIT Currently entertaining Europe with Eminem, the Dre protégé joins D12 and his ex-posse Tha Liks (formerly Tha Alkaholiks) on a two-month U.S. outing, which launches Feb. 27 in Chicago. On four dates they'll share the bill with the Stanklove Tour, featuring OutKast and Ludacris.

98° The once-hot boy band—cooling amidst a recent avalanche of similar-sounding pop ensembles—hope to fan fans' flames on a 25-stop tour with Puff project Dream, kicking off in Lexington, Ky., on March 22.

FROM THE CO-CREATOR OF "NYPD BLUE"



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BIG APPLE

Series Premiere Thursday, March 1 10/9c

CHECK
LOCAL
LISTINGS



cbs.com



Cyber BY NOAH ROBISCHON Digest

A weekly spin on the Web

CRACKING UP In an impressive bit of Web techfoolery, the band Cracker rejiggered the message boards on its website so that any posting about Napster is invisible to all but the person who wrote it (crackersoul.com). The site used to be set up to change the word Napster to "the bulls--- hippie capitalist corporation" automatically, says the band's lead singer, David Lowery. And that caused an influx of angry letters. "It was just inflaming people more—which was fun."

EARS WIDE SHUT When the Kryagenic Krack Babies recorded "Ode to Nicole (Leave Tom Cruise)" in 1999, it was simply a humorous emanation of lead singer Meven's obsession with Nicole Kidman—and the fulfillment of his dream to write a song that included the titles of nearly all her movies (mp3.com/kkb). Now that the Hollywood couple have split, the Nashville-based garage band's song sounds downright prescient ("If you're bidding for a Batman forever/Babe I'm sold/But only if >>>").

SOUGHT AFTER Kidman



THE AWFUL TRUTH (1) John Travolta, center, in *Battlefield Earth*; (2) *Plan 9...*; (3) *Toxic Avenger*

Best of Bad

For lousy-movie aficionados on the Web, worse just means better. by Glenn Gaslin

ENOUGH ALREADY WITH awards shows, with outstanding actors and best pictures. We've seen the good stuff. It's time to turn to the Web, where critics who celebrate schlock, junk, and just plain bad (sometimes deliciously bad) moviemaking thrive, like mutant, hyperintelligent ants bent on conquering the world. While B-movie tastes differ—*Frankenstein Meets the Space Monster* or *The Toxic Avenger Part III*?—the passionate agree the stuff is fun. "You have to respect movies whose ambitions far exceed their possibilities, made for \$1.98 with six different kinds of bad acting," says Freeman Williams (a.k.a. Dr. Freex), who runs the Bad Movie Report (badmoviereport.com). After a year packed with *Hollow Man* and *Battlefield Earth*, bad-movie sites have no interest in little gold statues. We rate the temples of shoddy cinema, and, of course, most of them get a **B**.

• **THE BAD MOVIE REVIEW WEBSITE** (badmovies.org) Hundreds of literate, evenhanded, and heartfelt reviews—from *Abraaxas: Guardian of the Universe* (1991, featuring Jesse Ventura) to *The Giant Claw* (1957). The current fave of Marine Staff Sgt. Andrew Bornreger, the site's creator: *Starcrash*, in which David Hasselhoff fights stop-motion robots with a lightsaber. Says the sarge: "It's the worst *Star Wars* rip-off you'll ever see." **B+**

• **STOMP TOKYO** (stomptokyo.com) Not content with yet another treatise on (yawn) *Plan 9 From Outer Space*, this review megasite seeks out exotic bad movies. A surreal remake of *Superman*

from India? Heroic. *Devil Hunter Yohko 5*? Not as good as the first one. There should be an awards show for this stuff. **B**

• **TERRIBLEMOVIES.COM** (terriblemovies.com) Fiercely dedicated to the modern era (read: '80s horror flicks), this site champions the lifestyle of bad movies. Which is to say, the lifestyle of a bunch of guys sitting around watching *C.H.U.D. II* and *Ghoulies III* and then maybe one of the *Leprechaun* movies. Every night. **B**

• **THE ASTOUNDING B MONSTER** (bmonster.com) The best online journalism devoted to camp, monster, and cult movies, this clean-cut e-zine interviews close to 50 stars of the '50s and '60s golden era—Ben Chapman (the creature from *Creature From the Black Lagoon*) and Beverly Garland (*It Conquered the World*, *Swamp Women*, etc.) among them. Surprisingly, says site editor Marty Baumann, "a lot of them are in the phone book, and they're just home watching TV." **B+**



CyberDigest



JUST IN TIME Ed Burns (left) and De Niro tough it out in *15 Minutes*

you leave Tom Cruise"). "I never anticipated a real breakup," says Meven, who tried to send a copy of the song to Kidman last year. "I hope that somehow Nicole hears this and thinks 'That's cute. I'm flattered.'"

FAME There is something Andy Warholian about the site for the new Robert De Niro action flick *15 Minutes* (*15minutesmovie.com*)—and it's not just the title (which is a play on the artist's "everyone will be famous for 15 minutes" quote). It's a quirky game that asks you to identify famous people and things—from the Pets.com Sock Puppet to John Wayne Bobbitt—based only on a silhouette. The artistic approach is almost worthy of the One Stop Warhol Shop, an inspired multimedia tribute to the Pop-art master (*osws.artmuseum.net*).

WEB TV Camp Chaos, creators of the Napster send-up *Metalli-COPS*, has landed a pilot on VH1. If successful, the half-hour animated sketch-comedy show—which lampoons the music industry and popular recording artists and which is tentatively titled *Camp Chaos*—could be signed for a 13-episode run. Chaos has competition in the

Web-to-TV space race from MediaTrip.com's *Gary the Rat*, featuring Kelsey Grammer, and Mondo Media's *Thugs on Film*, which aired this summer on BBC America. While some flailing Net companies—like Icebox.com, which is now as dead as the characters in its show *Zombie College*—are looking to TV as an escape pod, Camp Chaos founder Bob Cesca says his company just got lucky: "We're always going to be a creature of the Internet."

TWO TURNTABLES AND AN AD CAMPAIGN Add Super Greg (*supergreg.com*) to the list of advertising-age copycats supping on the success of Turkish Internet stud Mahir—and fooling loads of Netizens in the process. Super Greg, a DJ from "El Barrio," is part of the same Fallon-designed Lee Jeans ad campaign as the mustachioed race-car driver Curry (*rubberburner.com*) and proto-caveman Roy (*bornto destroy.com*). "He gets really obnoxious amounts of e-mail even to this day," says Paul Hoffart, an assistant media planner at Fallon. "A lot of people don't fully understand that Mr. Super Greg is not a real man."

CYBERTALK

► **"I like to be** scared, I like devil movies. It's been a long time since there's been a really good devil movie. But I didn't go see *The Exorcist* again. I saw that when I was 15 and at a drive-in and it wasn't scary because I was making out with my 18-year-old boyfriend. I remember nothing. Me and my girlfriend snuck in the trunk of the car, it was all about that." —*Hannibal*'s JULI-ANNE MOORE on scary movies, on Mr. Showbiz



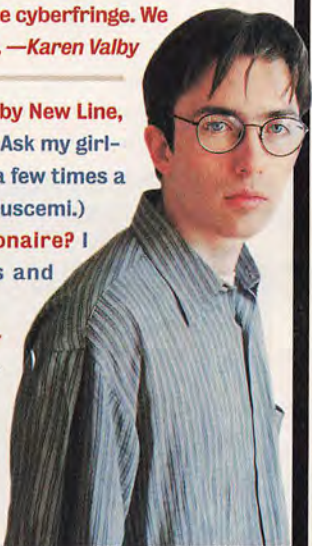
"I saw 12 condoms in [the medical box]. I said, 'What in the blazes do they think we are going to do with 12 condoms?' I turned myself into the prophylactic patrol and I counted them every day, just to make sure nobody was gettin' any if I wasn't." —*Survivor 2*'s MARALYN "MAD DOG" HERSHEY on romance in the out-back, on Entertainment Tonight Online

A HERO FOR THE PC SET

AND THE GEEK SHALL INHERIT...

IN GEEKS: HOW TWO LOST BOYS RODE THE INTERNET OUT of Idaho (Broadway, \$12.95)—last year's acclaimed Jon Katz book now out in paperback—two 19-year-olds take their computer skills to Chicago, leaving \$7-an-hour jobs and small-town dreams in the dust. One of them—Jesse Dailey, now a sophomore at the University of Chicago, where he works in a computer lab—emerged as a hero of the cyberfringe. We found him between games of *Quake*. —Karen Valby

- **With *Geeks'* film rights optioned by New Line, who do you think should play you?** Ask my girlfriend. She looks at this ugly mug a few times a day. (She sees a "younger" Steve Buscemi.)
- **Why aren't you a dotcom billionaire?** I don't want 75-hour workweeks and sleeping bags at the office.
- **The *Matrix* or *The Phantom Menace*?** Of course *The Matrix*. Creativity plus money, versus money.
- **Do you still call yourself a geek?** Geek is always there, and I still write code for a living and play *Counter-Strike* for fun, but I'm also a complete human being.



WITH THE PROGRAM Dailey



AN ERA OF INFAMY Ben Affleck (center) as a military man in *Pearl Harbor*

WHATtoSURF

» Movies

PEARL HARBOR OFFICIAL SITE (pearlharbor.com) The site for the upcoming high-gloss, big-budget epic *Pearl Harbor* looks great, letting you drift through life (fashion, travel, media) circa 1941. If you've got time to spare, this interactive journey will pay off as a history lesson. But navigation (and finding info on the movie itself) can be frustratingly sluggish. **B+** —*Ann Limpert*
MUST-VISIT: studio.go.com/movies/pearlharbor/flash/index.html Click on U.S. Military for a gallery of WWII posters for the masses.

» Television

BATTLEBOTS ♦ (battlebots.com) Forget "reality" shows: Comedy Central's *BattleBots* (one of the highest-rated programs on the network, along with *South Park*) pits an unreal cast of radio-controlled robot wrestlers against one another—some weighing close to 500 pounds and draped with buzz saws and spikes. This official site offers much more than news and profiles; visitors can peruse comprehensive guides on building the ultimate metallic monster and learn how to enter competitions. There are also 360-degree views of the fighting arena, downloadable 'Bot schematics, and an online store to snag some swag. The only thing missing: an online *BattleBots* game. **B+** —*Marc Saltzman*

» Music

PICKTHEHITS.COM ♦ (pickthehits.com) Once upon a time, folks would dial up radio stations to request favorite songs. Today we obsess over *TRL* and, as *PickTheHits.com* hopes, point and click to find the next chart-toppers. PTH is a bit hokey ("YOU help decide what music becomes a hit!"), but it has good intentions. Visitors can listen to and rate full tracks. Labels, artists, and programmers can check out the results. Be prepared for a mostly pop, highly mainstream selection, but there's always the chance you'll discover a great lesser-known track. **B-** —*Caryn Ganz*

» Net Cetera

NEW! THEITQUESTION.COM ♦ (theitquestion.com) The frenzy over Dean Kamen's mystery device—by some accounts a scooterlike transporter that'll save the world, by others a brilliant hoax—has quieted. But for those devoted to IT, the furor thrives at this site, which slavishly tracks rumors and offers a forum for those who can't get enough of IT. Predictions about IT range from absurd (the *Star Wars* Death Star) to strangely appealing (a hydrogen-powered unicycle)—but none is more amusing than speculation that IT is an antigravity hover-toilet. Sounds like Kamen needs to IT or get off the pot. **A-** —*EP*

More reviews at www.ew.com
 (AOL Keyword: EW)

HOLLYWOOD SCREENINGS

SAVER THE MOMENT

SCREENSAVERS HAVE COME A LONG WAY, BABY. THE cathode-ray-tube-saving software enhancements have evolved by leaps and bounds since the pre-Pentium days of flying toasters. And though they might seem like a low-tech choice for getting film fare out of Hollywood and onto your desktop, there's a site entirely devoted to *Matrix* screensavers (17 of them, available at matrixnow.fanspace.com). In fact, studios, ever on the cutting edge, are taking full advantage of interactive screensavers as marketing tools. Says Dwight Caines, Sony Pictures' VP of Internet marketing strategy, "It's all about broadening the reach and providing multiple access points to get to our content." The good news: Products like the *Eyetide Viewer* (eyetide.com) automatically download fresh

images from the Net. The bad: You might end up with an image of *Charlie's Angels*' Bill Murray blowing a horn (right) in your screensaver rotation. Eek. —*Erin Podolsky*

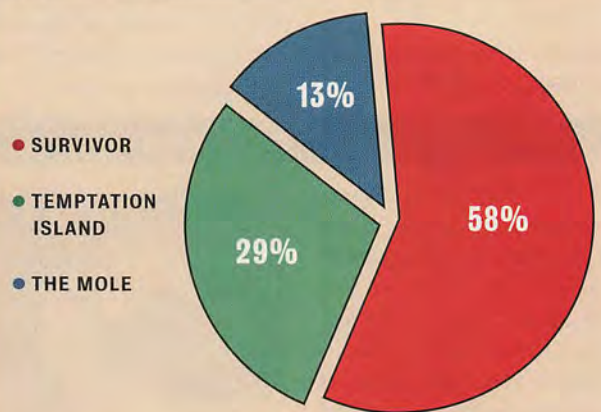


THE DATA

SURVIVE AND CONQUER

CBS' SURVIVOR 2 EASILY SURVIVED THE COMPETITION among those who searched AltaVista the week ending Feb. 10 to check out the big three reality shows, including Fox's *Temptation Island* and ABC's *The Mole*. Hey, who needs cheatin' lovers when there's a good pig-slaughterin' to witness?

BIG THREE REALITY-SHOW BREAKDOWN



SOURCE: ALTAVISTA (ALTAVISTA.COM) FOR WEEK ENDING FEB. 10

The Filth & The Fury

ENCORE The Supreme Court handed *Hustler's* Larry Flynt a free-speech victory 13 years ago. by Josh Wolk

IN NOVEMBER 1983, *HUSTLER* PUBLISHER LARRY Flynt ran a Campari liqueur ad parody that made the magazine's crotch shots look refined, with Moral Majority founder Rev. Jerry Falwell rhapsodizing about committing incest in an outhouse with his mother. After Falwell sued, Flynt was found guilty in two courts of "intentional infliction of emotional distress" and fined \$200,000 in damages.

But on Feb. 24, 1988, the Supreme Court reversed the judgment—declaring that finding non-libelous speech offensive is no reason to suppress it—and made Flynt an unlikely free-speech champion. While Falwell claims he's never seen all of 1996's *The People vs. Larry Flynt* (starring Woody Harrelson), which dramatizes that legal battle, the two moral opponents are now unlikely friends, and here recall their First Amendment feud.

Falwell: If he'd left my mother [who died in 1977] out of it,

he'd never have heard from me.... If I could have gotten to him, we wouldn't have had a trial—I'd have just whipped him and it would be all over.

Flynt: That a--hole preached against me for 15 years. Frankly, I didn't care [if the ad made him mad].

Falwell: After we won twice, I began to think maybe we can get some jurists who are bright enough to draw a line without endangering the mainstream media, free speech, and free press.



WIN LIKE FLYNT A determined Flynt outside the Supreme Court; inset, director Milos Forman, Edward Norton, and Harrelson reenact the victory

Flynt: All the [Supreme Court] justices were looking down at us. I thought, "Man, I'm a dead duck. This is the pornographer versus the preacher...." The networks usually have reporters in front of the Supreme Court building when important decisions come down, analyzing them. But we got very little of that.... This changed the face of journalism, and I'm disappointed that we didn't get more credit.

Falwell: I don't think Larry

saved the First Amendment. The First Amendment saved him.

Flynt: When we did *Larry King Live* together [on Jan. 10, 1997], I hadn't seen him in years. He said, "Maybe it's time to bury the hatchet." This somewhat disarmed me. He spent the whole hour sucking up to me. If I attacked him, I'd look like the bad guy.

Falwell: Since then, we've done a number of debates. [At a 1998 joint appearance in Boca Raton, Fla., Flynt apologized for the ad.] Whenever I go to California, we'll have lunch or I'll spend the afternoon at his office. I tell him, tongue in cheek, that my goal is to lead him to Christ, get him to close down this cesspool called *Hustler*, and then join my church staff. Well, I don't think he's ready to sign a contract yet. ■

TIME CAPSULE ♦ FEBRUARY 24, 1988

AT THE MOVIES, six weeks before striking gold at the Oscars, Michael Douglas (right) gets greedy in Oliver Stone's *Wall Street*. **IN MUSIC**, Rick Astley's love ditty "Never Gonna Give You Up" holds its top 10 spot on the *Billboard* singles chart. **IN BOOKSTORES**, Arthur



C. Clarke's *2061: Odyssey Three* is a *New York Times* best-seller. **AND IN THE NEWS**, warning that the AIDS crisis calls for "major changes" throughout the health care system, Adm. James Watkins, the chairman of President Reagan's AIDS commission, calls for \$2 billion per year to combat the virus.

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It
thinks
big.



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